

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2

DECEMBER 1923

NUMBER 5



Are you helping this league to win its fight to save
for the American Boy the sports of his ancestors?

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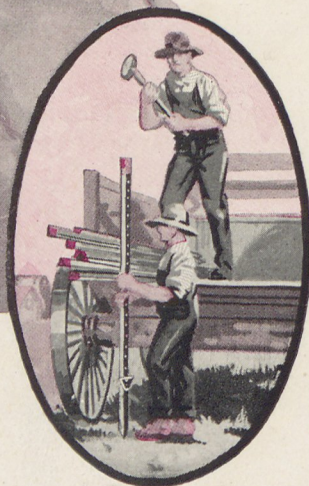
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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.
2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.
3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.
4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.
5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.
6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.
7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.
8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadronous species.
9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.
10. The establishment of a sufficient number of biological experiment stations so that scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the conditions of waters, wild lands, public shooting grounds and preserves in order to determine the proper species of fish and game to be planted therein.
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.
12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.
13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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CONTENTS

Painting by Fletcher Ransom		Cover
A Letter from Dr. van Dyke Regarding Women's Clubs and Trout.	Henry van Dyke	195
Alaska Salmon Protection Remarkable article by the Secretary of Commerce.	Hon. Herbert Hoover	196-97-98
Federal Shooting Grounds Bill A Federal Migratory Bird Refuge Act.	Will H. Dilg	199
The Seamarsh Buck The story of a wonderful stag.	Archibald Rutledge	201-2-3
Pollution Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.	Dr. James A. Henshall	204-5
When the Law Went On A duck story with etchings by Earl H. Reed.	Gerald Peck	206-7
Alibi Dan The Perfect Fisherman.	Harry W. Frantz	208-9
The Preacher Hole The legend of the haunted pool.	Earl H. Reed	210
To the Top and Beyond Motoring on top of the world.	Lilian White Spencer	211-12-13-14
A Doe, a Muskie, and Eight Wild Bass A word picture of three paintings.	William T. DeWolfe	215
The Kennel Department For lovers of sporting dogs.	Edited by Ozark Ripley	216-17
The Sportsmen's League A neglected power for conservation.	Fred J. Foster	218-19
More About Our Forests Proving we must re-forest.	A. R. Vorys	220-21
Game Rifles	Edited by M. L. Gochenour	222-23
The Cleaning of Rifles	Lionel F. Phillips	
Senator McCormick Undertakes Gigantic Task for League Speech made by Senator McCormick, November 5, 1923.		224-25
My Last Talk with Emerson Hough With two coupons to sign.	By the Editor	227
Bird Lore With further entries for Contest.	Bob Becker	228-29
The Outdoor Calendar Delightful and practical outdoor lore.	Warren H. Miller	230-31
The Outdoor Woman	Marguerite Ives	232
The Christmas Tree	Viola C. Reeling	
Angling Memories	By Anglers of the League	233-34-35
Chapter News Conducted by M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary of the League		236-37
One Hook Artificial Lure Contest		248-49



A Letter from Dr. van Dyke

Second Vice-President I. W. L. A.

Addressed to all members and "should-be" members of the League—a note of appreciation of the endorsement of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in the matter of the League's proposed new National Preserve and a note on the further protection of the redbthroat trout of the Rocky Mountains.

IN the brief and promising history of the Izaak Walton League of America no more significant event is recorded than the recent endorsement by that great non-partisan organization known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, of the proposal to make a National Preserve for fish and game along the upper waters and marshlands of the Mississippi River.

Think for a moment what this represents. Two million American women, all of whom are voters, and most of whom are homemakers and moulders of that decisive "public opinion" which is privately formed by the fireside and around the family supper table. When we get this whole domestic public opinion with us for the conservation of our country's natural resources and the protection of the fish and game against the forces of ravage and ruin which now threaten extinction to one of the great assets of our national health and happiness, we shall be well on the way toward a big victory over the exterminators, polluters and devastators.

This is one of the matters in which the good influence of American womanhood through the suffrage can make itself felt to the very best effect, because it belongs to that side of our common life in which woman has a particular interest and special gifts, namely, the preservation of beauty and order and the promotion of the joy of living. I would not speak of the "assistance" which the General Federation of Women's Clubs can render in this case, but of their real "alliance" with the Izaak Walton League for a purpose, which, if it can be successfully accomplished, —as I trust it can,—will be of real benefit to hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of American boys and

girls in the coming generation,—our children and our children's children. Let us get into our minds and into theirs the constructive idea of a Savings Bank for our Country's Resources of Natural Beauty and Healthful Outdoor Life. The mothers of America can do even more than the fathers to bring this idea home and make it work.

* * *

MY "new idea" at the present moment is that something ought to be done immediately for the protection of the splendid redbthroat trout of the Rocky Mountains during their spawning season. They spawn, as you know, in the spring and early summer, and the "open season" not only in Yellowstone Park but in the three states which surround it, begins far too early for the safety of these fish. They should be protected in those high and cool regions until July 15th, or at least until July 1st. I found fish on the spawning beds in the Yellowstone in the first week of August, but these of course were only stragglers.

I am sure that the subject is a really important one, and that it ought to be at once taken into consideration for practical action. The redbthroat has had and is having a very rough deal.

Honestly yours,

Henry van Dyke

The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00



Alaska Salmon Protection

By the HON. HERBERT HOOVER
Secretary of Commerce

"Until the people care and let their State government and the National government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any Outdoor America legislation."

HERBERT HOOVER.

THE story of the salmon is one of great interest. It is a story of the ruthless depletion of one of the greatest of our natural food assets. The struggle has been between those who look to the coming generations and those who seek immediate profit. The Department of Commerce and its Bureau of Fisheries, in the performance of its duty to preserve and replenish the natural fisheries, have always been in advocacy of measures to secure these ends, and have frequently met opposition in their efforts.

It has been a losing battle along the coasts of the States because the Federal Government has possessed no authority as against State rights in control and until lately no constructive conservation has been developed in the State governments themselves.

Nor is it the salmon alone that have suffered. The sturgeon have been totally destroyed and the shad are fast going.

On our Eastern Coast the salmon, once the pride of the streams of the North Atlantic, have vanished. In 28 rivers between New York and the Canadian border millions of salmon once spawned. To-day only a few thousand survive, and the Penobscot alone receives their visits. A valuable food supply has been completely exterminated. On the Pacific a similar process is going on, but fortunately time still remains to save there a remnant of the great schools which once swam its waters. Many Pacific streams are already depleted. Some can still be saved.

In at least one respect the salmon is unique among living things. Hatched in some quiet lake or stream at the headwaters of a great river, it stays there for a longer or shorter period, according to the species, and then swims to the sea—where, no man knows. For some years it stays in undiscovered ocean depths, but never does it forget its birthplace. When it has reached maturity, it returns again to the spot where life began, and there spawns and dies. The period of absence varies with different species, but all have this common homing instinct—that where life commenced for them, there it must end, and there their descendants must likewise start life.

This peculiarity has one inevitable result. Since each stream is visited only by the fish hatched in it, when the ascending salmon are all once caught and propagation prevented, that stream ceases to be a salmon stream. No other salmon will visit it. It can be restocked only artificially.

There is an unexplainable peculiarity in the salmon runs. They are not uniform from year to year. They show great fluctuations, high years followed by lean ones, in cycles of some regularity. Conclusions as to the condition of any stream must therefore be based upon the consideration of runs for a series of years, deductions from figures for only a few years being wholly unreliable.

Almost the entire commercial catch of salmon is made from the mature schools on their way to the spawning grounds. In districts where streams enter boldly on the outer coast line, the salmon are not seen and are not subject to capture until they school up immediately outside the river's mouth. But in districts like southeastern Alaska, they traverse long salt-water channels on their way to the spawning beds and must run the gauntlet of attack for the entire distance. Unless their migra-

tion paths are learned and a close watch kept on each stream to assure the escapement of an adequate reserve of spawning fish, depletion will surely occur.

When the United States acquired Alaska from Russia in 1867, fisheries were already established by the Russians, though not on a large scale. It is now the most important natural resource of Alaska. The great value of this industry has been in a sense its undoing, for the vigor with which fishing operations have been prosecuted has resulted not only in a serious decline but in some instances in the practical annihilation of the business upon a profitable scale. Canning operations in Alaska began in 1878, when 8,159 cases were put up, and in 1918, the peak year, 135 canneries packed 6,605,836 cases, valued at over \$50,000,000.

In early years the Columbia River was the chief source of salmon supply. There was comparatively little restraint upon operations until 1908, with the result that there was a progressive depletion of the fish and diminution of the catch. Obviously no canner, however much he might realize that streams were overfished, would limit his own catch unless his competitors would do likewise. Agreements along that line have either not been attempted or have been unsuccessful. When the authorities of the States of Oregon and Washington came to a realization that a great resource was disappearing, steps were taken to meet the emergency through regulatory laws and by restocking the streams artificially. Fish hatchery operations, both Federal and State, were established in 1907 on a large scale, and improved methods adopted in the hope of producing an adequate supply of young fish. This soon caused a distinct improvement, and the pack from 1910 to 1922 has been upon a stable basis.

Another example is that of Puget Sound where until 1921 the salmon fishery was left largely unregulated and uncontrolled. The result was the practical wiping out of this valuable commercial salmon fishery. The adoption of corrective measures of a drastic nature two years ago, however, has made itself felt already as the pack of humpback salmon, whose life cycle is two years, was far better in 1923 than it had been for years.

Year by year the taking of salmon in the streams of California, Oregon and Washington, without regard to proper escapement, has brought about such a state of depletion that the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast naturally moved progressively from the south northward to the virgin waters of Alaska. What has happened in regard to the long-established salmon fisheries of the Columbia River and Puget Sound is also the story of Alaska. The growth and magnitude of the industry in Alaska is revealed by the following table:

Pack of canned salmon in Alaska from the inception of the industry in five-year periods to 1918 and annually thereafter to 1922.

Year.	Canneries operated.	Cases.	Total Value.
1878	2	8,159	\$ 24,477
1883	6	48,337	145,011
1888	16	412,115	1,236,345
1893	22	643,654	1,930,962
1898	30	965,097	2,895,291
1903	60	2,246,210	6,747,411

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Year.	Canneries operated.	Cases.	Total. Value.
1908	50	2,618,048	10,185,783
1913	79	3,739,185	13,531,604
1918	135	6,605,835	51,041,949
1919	133	4,592,201	43,265,349
1920	146	4,429,463	35,602,800
1921	83	2,596,826	19,632,744
1922	123	4,601,652	29,787,193

While the foregoing table shows a large diminution in the output since the peak year of 1918, and the obvious deduction is that there has been a corresponding decrease in the supply of fish, this conclusion is further strengthened by a more detailed examination of the fishing operations.

Salmon are caught in traps, with seines, and with gill nets, the particular gear used in a given locality being determined by local conditions and by the preference and opportunities of the operator. Traps are set with some permanency; and given the same number of fish and the same sized trap, the catch of each trap should be nearly constant year by year. But the figures do not show this. In 1907, for instance, the average trap in southeastern Alaska took 101,832 salmon. In 1922 the average was only 75,755, and this was considerably greater than the take for the three years preceding. There can be but one explanation for such a condition, and that is that there were fewer fish to be caught and a larger amount of fishing apparatus must be used to secure as large a total catch. A study of results in other portions of Alaska and of the operations with other gear leads to the same conclusion. For all of Alaska the average for traps fell from 108,294 in 1907 to 78,531 in 1922, for seines from 59,812 to 31,729, and for gill nets from 8,985 to 6,801.

In every region which feels the pinch of a diminishing salmon supply, controversy soon rages over the merits and demerits of the various classes of apparatus. Users of each class of gear accuse the others of causing the shortage. The gill net fishermen stoutly contend that traps and seines are responsible for the depletion—that they are wasteful in their methods and are superefficient; while trap men are thoroughly convinced that their apparatus would do no harm were it not for excessive fishing operations conducted with gill nets and seines; and the seiners are vociferous in support of the thesis that the harm is being done by the forms of gear which they do not employ.

The ultimate object to be attained is the conservation of the salmon supply and for this purpose to secure the escape of an adequate number of spawning fish. From this viewpoint it is wholly unimportant whether a fish be captured by seine, trap, or gill net. In either case it is a dead fish and will take no part in the perpetuation of the run. All forms of fishing gear well established in any district are to the extent of their efficiency equally

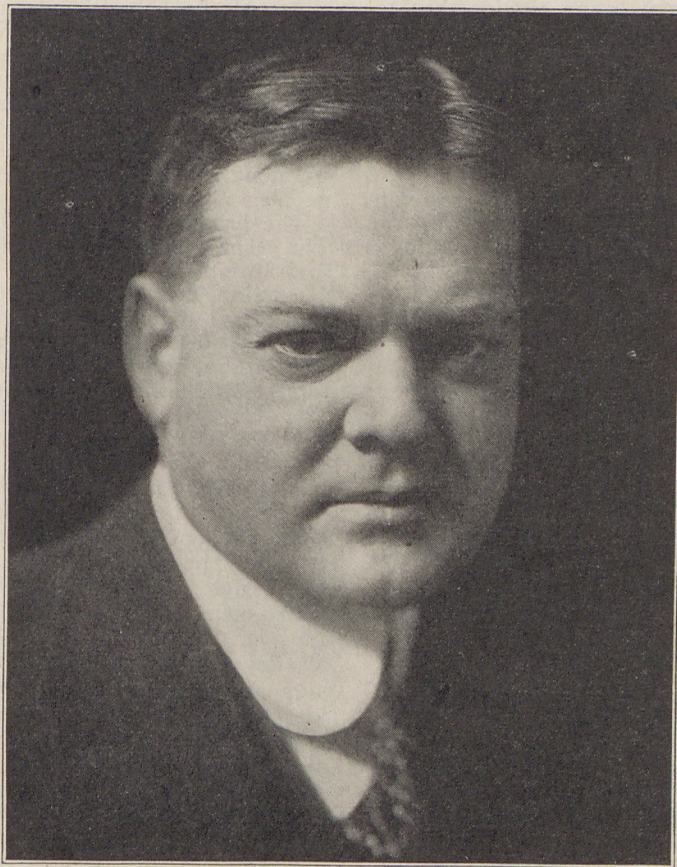
responsible for a depleted salmon supply, and where depletion exists all forms should be equally restricted.

The protection and conservation of the fisheries of Alaska is vested by law in the Secretary of Commerce. In 1906 Congress enacted a measure for the protection and regulation of the Alaska fisheries which empowered the Secretary of Commerce to prescribe and enforce certain regulations thereunder. He has from time to time for a number of years past imposed restrictions and in certain limited sections entirely prohibited fishing. Unfortunately his authority is limited to the streams and a zone extending 500 yards off the mouth of each stream. This limited jurisdiction has been wholly inadequate to prevent overfishing. The only remedy has been either through action by Congress or by Executive Order.

Attempts have been made repeatedly to secure revision by Congress of the Alaska fisheries act of June 26, 1906, but without avail. In view of the seriousness of the situation an executive order was promulgated February 17, 1922, creating the Alaska Peninsula Fisheries

Reservation, and another order was issued November 3, 1922, creating the Southwestern Alaska Fisheries Reservation, both of which were placed under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Commerce, with authority to make necessary regulations for the protection and conservation of the fisheries of the districts within the areas included in the reservations.

These reservations cover the principal salmon fishing areas except those of southeastern and central Alaska, and the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers which are tributary to Bering Sea. Control of fishing operations in these reservations is secured through a plan of licensing all operators and specifying the locations in which they may fish, the amount and kind of gear that may be used, and the total pack that may be made. In the granting of permits careful consideration is given to the matter of properly apportioning fishery rights among the operators upon the basis of the productiveness of



Secretary Hoover, whose efforts for Alaska salmon protection should have the unanimous support of the national Congress and of the whole nation.

the district and the previous output of each.

As a result of the experience of two seasons in the Alaska Peninsula Fisheries Reservation and of one season in the Southwestern Alaska Fisheries Reservation, the conclusion has been reached that by this means depletion can be stopped. It is true that the reservation plan places heavy administrative responsibility upon the Department of Commerce and affords opportunity for attack, but it also affords the Department an opportunity to work out in detail methods by which the matter can be satisfactorily handled and actual fishery operations be so regulated as to enable a sufficient escapement of spawning salmon to perpetuate the industry. Experience has already shown that every bay and inlet is a problem to itself because of varying topographic conditions and the rate of depletion and because of the peculiar fact that salmon return only to the stream of their birth. On the basis of the knowledge and experience obtained in the administration of these reser-



vations a comprehensive plan of action can then be submitted to Congress for enactment into law, since direct legislative action by Congress is ultimately preferable.

The experience of the past season in districts of Alaska which are not in the reservations has been most convincing as to the need throughout the Territory of such a method of controlling operations. The following brief statement of conditions in non-reserved sections of Alaska will show most clearly the need of some further definite action in the immediate future if the fishery industry is to be saved from destruction or irreparable injury.

The Yukon River and the waters off its mouth should be placed in a reservation. Commercial fishing within the river and in a 500-yard zone off its mouth was prohibited by Departmental order in 1921 for the purpose of preserving the salmon run for the natives and resident whites in the interior of Alaska who are dependent upon salmon not only for food for themselves, but for their dogs, which are used as beasts of burden. Operators of salmon salteries have now gone outside the Department's jurisdiction the waters of Bering Sea and the catch at the present time is approximating the catch made by the cannery which formerly operated on the river. Unless control over the areas in this section now being fished is given by reservation there will be hardship and possibly starvation for the natives of the interior of Alaska.

A similar situation exists in regard to the salmon fisheries of the Kuskokwin River, which up to the present time have not been extensively exploited, only a few small operators being located on that river. Investigations on the Kuskokwin indicate that the run is limited and would probably quickly decline if any extensive operations were permitted. It would be advisable at this time to place necessary restrictions to safeguard the supply, which like the run in the Yukon, is needed for the people living in the interior.

In the Copper River district the catch of salmon reached its peak in 1919 and has rapidly declined since that time. In that year the pack amounted to 1,253,687 cases. In 1922 it had dwindled to 437,351 cases, and it is estimated that for 1923 it will not exceed 196,650 cases.

The salt-water approaches of the Copper River, where extensive fishing is now being carried on, can be controlled promptly only through the extension of the Department's authority by means of reservation.

A striking example of the decline in another section not in a reservation, is Anan Creek, which was one of the most famous and prolific salmon streams in southeastern Alaska. Insufficient fish were on the spawning beds of this stream throughout the season of 1923. There are other streams which could be cited, but Anan Creek stands out prominently.

It is apparent that new fishery reservations should be created which will include all of the fishing districts of Alaska not in the reservations already existing.

Definite action in the matter should be taken at an early date because of the necessity of establishing the machinery for handling the work over the great extent of the districts affected. A great volume of work will be necessary in the way of compilation of information upon which the issuance of permits can be based, and in all fairness the very large number of fishery operators in these districts should have definite advices as far in advance as possible as to the scale upon which they may plan their work and secure supplies for the next season. Complaint was made last year that orders for tin plate and other supplies must be placed in November or early December of the preceding year and any reduction in the output necessitated the cancellation of orders, and even resulted in financial difficulties for the concerns affected. Inquiries have already been received in a number of instances for information as to action contemplated so that plans could be made in accordance. If action is not taken now it means that destruction will necessarily go on for another year before legislation can be effective.

An Alaska fisheries advisory board is also proposed, embracing the membership of the Territorial Fish Commission and representatives of the canners and local fishermen, which should assist in the working out of proper rules and regulations for the reservations to be created. Such a board might well function under the chairmanship of the governor, and thus bring the government of Alaska another step closer to her own people.

The primary purpose is to save the salmon industry. The responsibility rests on those who have the authority to translate it into action. Pious statements, scientific discussion, and political oratory will not spawn salmon. Conservation cannot be carried out without a temporary reduction in the amount of fish taken, on the one hand, and without constructive measures for enlarged propagation on the other. These are not agreeable duties but they are part of the responsibility of public office and should unquestionably receive the support of well-thinking men and women of Alaska who treasure their country, not alone for themselves, but also for their children.

The attention of Congress has this past season been centered upon Alaska as never before by reason of the trip of the late President Harding, and first-hand knowledge of the facts is beginning to be possessed by many members of our law-making bodies. A more extensive trip was made this past season by Senator Wesley L. Jones and Representative L. H. Hadley in company with Commissioner of Fisheries Henry O'Malley, during which time they visited all the important fishery districts and studied in detail the conditions and the methods which are being used in each. On my own trip I was greatly impressed with the need for further control of the fisheries in the areas outside of the present reservation, and for a tightening of those reservations.

In the January issue

There will appear a fishing story with a hundred laughs

by

HUGH S. FULLERTON

noted sporting authority

entitled

"One Half Day's Work"



Back Up the Federal Migratory Bird Refuge and Federal Shooting Grounds Bill

By WILL H. DILG

THE Izaak Walton League is wholeheartedly back of this bill and here at headquarters we will urge our Chapters to appeal to their Congressmen and Senators and ask them to vote for this measure. We are asking in addition that all of our Chapters hold meetings to study and explain to their membership the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill. This bill was unfortunately defeated in the last Congress and this great National Organization of sportsmen in supporting it has no doubt that with our help it will become a law before the present Congress adjourns.

We believe here at headquarters that the Public Shooting Grounds Bill is a step in the right direction. It is not to be expected that it will be an immediate panacea and fulfill at once all of the hopes of the American hunter. It will, however, provide facilities to in time purchase acreage for the operation of Federal controlled Game Refuges and Public Shooting Grounds. It will also provide refuges where game may multiply and save themselves from extermination. It provides the machinery for accepting the gift of tracts of lands when public-spirited citizens may wish to turn them over to the nation. There can be no doubt that this bill also establishes a precedent and will we think make it somewhat easier to appeal in the future to our National Congress for liberal appropriations to finance public ownership of a worth while part of our out of doors. And it is principally for this reason that every man of us in this National Organization should get busy and tell his Congressmen and Senators that he expects their votes to be found on the side of the Public Shooting Grounds Bill.

There is not a great deal of wild fowl country left in America and it is high time that something be done if our millions of hunters are to have any migratory bird shooting. The twenty million hunters and fishermen in this country have been fooling themselves and it is necessary that they get wise, do a little thinking and acting, and this too, quickly. We sportsmen have been hanging on too long to the old ways of saving outdoor sport in America. The Izaak Walton League has brought home to the American sportsman that those old ways are not good enough NOW.

We have brought home the truth of Emerson Hough's editorial "Time to Call a Halt." Here follows one sentence from that now famous document (written for this magazine): "Now for the first time a sudden consternation comes to the soul of every thinking man who ever has loved this America of ours."

The American sportsman, whether he likes it or not, has GOT to face the truth, and the hunter even more than the fisherman—the game of this country is in greater danger of extermination than fish are or ever will be.

We have almost no open shooting grounds for wild fowl. Now who is to blame? The answer is simple—I am to blame—you are to blame—every mother's son of us is to blame—all equally to blame. We hunters and fishermen (there are twenty million of us) have failed to let our State Governments and our National Government know that we want a reasonable part of the public money used for the purchase of Wild Game Preserves.

Our failure in this direction is so marked that the last Congress failed to pass the Public Shooting Grounds Bill which, in simple language, means that every migratory bird hunter be permitted by law to pay the National Government a license fee of one dollar. These hunter dollars are to be spent as follows: 55% to be used for the purchase or lease of wild acreage, 35% to be used

for Federal Game Wardens, and 10% to be used for administration purposes.

Now we ask you sportsmen of sober judgment, what does the defeat of this bill in the last Congress mean? Does it not indubitably mean that the voice of the twenty million sportsmen in this country is no more than the whisper of a whisper? Does it not mean that we have been on the wrong track—that the old way of saving sports in this country is a failure? And that we must find a **new way**?

Emerson Hough, after fifty years of devotion to outdoor America, believed with all his heart and soul that the Izaak Walton League had found the **new way** and his last written words read as follows:

"Meantime if you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League.

"When that thing is true you will have won your fight. You then will see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface."

Herbert Hoover told the writer on March 4th (this year) "Official Washington has but little evidence going to prove that the people give a damn about their outdoor land. And until the people care and let their State Governments and the National Government know that they do care it is useless to try to get anywhere with Outdoor America legislation."

The whole question narrows itself down to one honest-to-God question: Do you and I really want field sports in America? If we do want them we can have them by letting our State and Federal Governments know it and we can get them in **no other way**.

It was to accomplish the above that this League was organized and we have proved that we have found the **winning way**. Our well co-ordinated chapters in the various states have yet to fail to put over anything to which they have put their shoulders. The League being a National Organization backed up by local chapters and state organizations vigorously acting as a unit on national programs it is on its way to a point where it will write its own ticket in County, State and Nation: We have not the space here to recite our many successes. Among these is a brand new fish and game bill for Illinois and a large appropriation for fish hatcheries and wild game farms. Our Iowa Chapters have written and will pass a model fish and game bill for that State and a tremendous appropriation goes with it. For fifty years the fish and game laws of Iowa and Illinois have been nationally notorious for being everything that they should not be.

The American sportsman can be heard if he will act intelligently, sincerely and honestly. The American sportsman and his sons and daughters are the backbone of this Great Republic. You never see sportsmen taking up with all sorts of jim crack "isms"—the only "ism" he knows is AMERICANISM and for that he is willing to FIGHT. The Izaak Walton League is an American movement. It serves notice here and now that sportsmen have the right to be heard and **that they will be heard**. Having "no commercial or personal gain under it as its real basis" it is moving forward to new victories. It was the most important factor in saving the Superior National Forest from ruin. It will save three hundred miles of Upper Mississippi River bottom lands from desolation and will hand over to posterity forever the heart and soul of wild life in the Mississippi Valley. It is big enough—great enough and strong enough to put over the Public Shooting Grounds Bill and IT WILL.



Before and After Drainage

Cartoon
By
C. Otis Wilson

WHICH shall it be? A river, woodlands, fish and game, or arid farmland and ruined farms? Shall the sportsmen and outdoor-lovers of America be given a National Preserve comprising 300 miles of glorious playgrounds as shown in the top picture, or shall the land speculator be allowed to drain the land, to make farm lands of this area which the best scientific authorities declare will not grow good crops? Shall our children and our children's children pile up health and happiness and golden memories, or shall discouraged farmers, despairing of their failure, abandon their wasted efforts to make good farms from these drained lands, as shown in the lower picture?

Look well at these pictures, and think—
which shall it be?

Senator Medill McCormick will present to the present congress the plea of the Izaak Walton League that a National Preserve be made of the wild and lovely river lands between Lake Pepin, Minnesota and Rock Island, Illinois; but

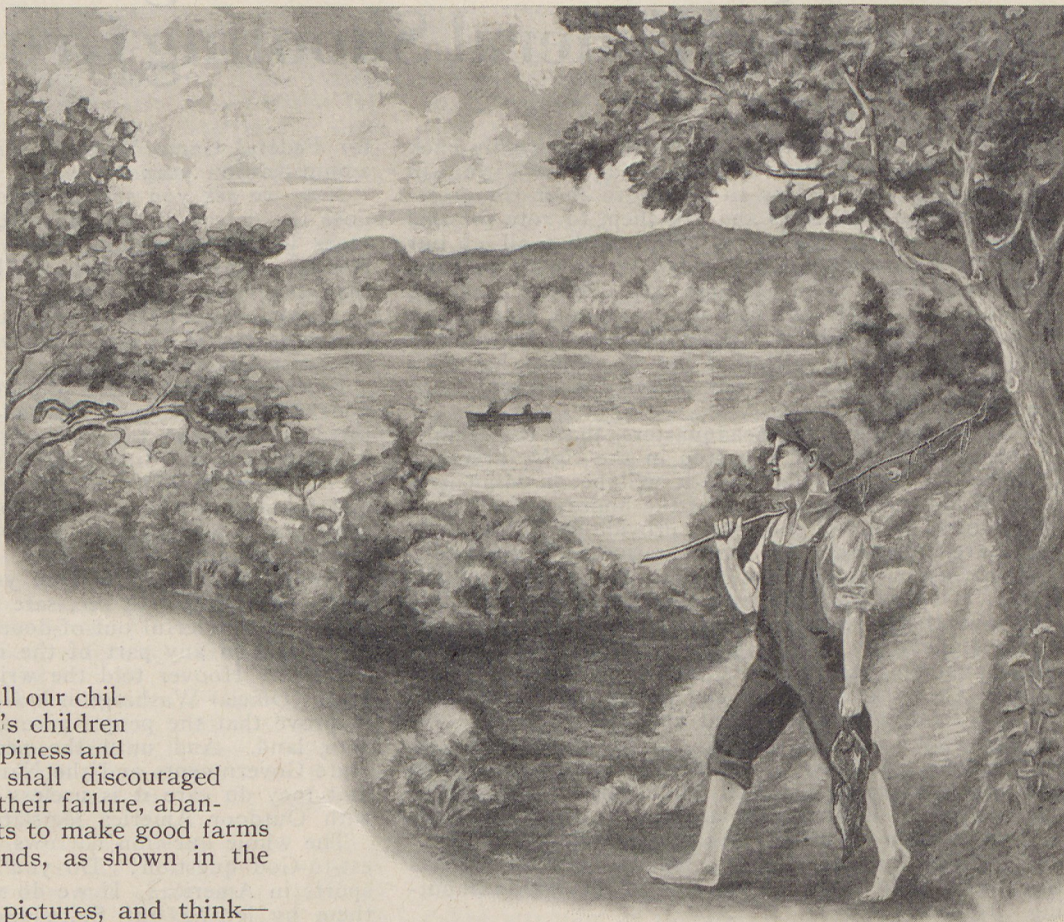
he cannot win without your help. Write your congressmen and senators urging them to help in every possible way the passage of this bill.

A national preserve in the Mississippi Valley would mean the greatest incubator of warm water game fishes and small fur bearing animals in the world. We don't need any more poor farms, but we do need this preserve and good fishing and hunting.

This region, covering more than three hundred miles, is no less important to the hunter than it is to

the fisherman, because here the Supreme Creator of the Universe has made these river lands a paradise for wild water fowl of every species. Nowhere on this earth are there such natural feeding grounds for ducks, brant and geese.

Veritably, these river lands offer you and your boy and posterity the greatest sport to be found on this planet.



"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



The Seamarsh Buck

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Painting by Frank Stick

UNTIL you have seen Eddie, my negro

guide on Jacqueline Island, you

haven't seen the Link that is said to be missing. He's a real baboon from the Gaboon. Squat and silent and wise is this same Eddie; melancholy of face, yet kindly of heart; a little stooped by the years; given to a language unintelligible to the average man; but he's a good tracker. In choosing a guide (as in choosing a husband, girls), it is perhaps not best to become enamoured of an Adonis. Now, no man would ever mistake Eddie for the one sued by Venus in that famous breach of promise suit. On the contrary, to see him shuffling down in the dim pathways of the wild coastal island where he lives,—to observe his ambling gait in those dim haunts, to see his astonishing length of arm, and his huge hands, hanging low and turned forward,—you would imagine that you were in Borneo, on the trail of a Great Ape. But, all things considered, Eddie is one of the best men I know. He acts well his part; and that, as Pope has reminded us, is proof of honor.

"I hope, Cap'n," he said to me softly, on the evening of our arrival at the island for a deer-hunt, "that the young gentleman with you can get to shoot the great seamarsh buck."

The young man in question was my oldest boy;—you see, I was taking to heart the admonition of that old educator: "Teach the young idea how to shoot." With the seamarsh buck, which evidently had impressed even so unimaginative a soul as Eddie, I had as yet no formal acquaintance. Jacqueline Island, four miles off the South Carolina coast, is alive with deer; but such is the nature of the cover that few are killed. That one of them should attain to the dignity of a special name was interesting to me and to my boy. The very name "great seamarsh buck" thrilled him; and it jazzed me not a little. Since boyhood I have been interested in these special names applied to phenomenal stags; and I have taken delight in trying to record the histories of such famous creatures as the great Huckleberry Buck, of Carolina; the Pilot Mountain Buck, of North Carolina; and Old Teddy and the Cameron County Bull, of the wilds of mountainous Pennsylvania. Perhaps my boy and I might be given a chance to make history—if Eddie were to be believed. I decided to test my dusky informant.

"Why do you call this buck great, Eddie?" I asked.

"He is great, dat's de reason," Eddie stolidly returned.

"Big horns?"

"Big same like a bull."

"Is he very wild?"

"He ain't so wild as he is wise."

And that seemed to me a pretty good description of any whitetail,—a creature that owes its survival more to its wariness and its ability to skulk marvelously than to its native speed.

"You think we may see him,—somewhere out on the marsh?"

"He comes to the marsh in the late afternoon. If you can get him, you got a deer."

"Bigger than the one I killed here two years ago?"

Eddie was thoughtful.

"That deer you killed, Cap'n, is the great gran'son of the seamarsh buck."

That put the business of description impressively.

The following morning we spent at the duck-ponds on the island,—dreamy pine-locked lagoons, into which mallards and black ducks streamed incessantly. We killed a bag and then repaired to the little lodge on the island. We rested and talked to Eddie and plotted the afternoon campaign until it was time to leave for the seamarsh,—and its great buck.

It must have been about two o'clock on that dim-misted January day when my little sportsman

and I set forth with Eddie toward the mysterious seamarsh where, according to the negro, the fine stag was to be found. The island has a noble beach fronting the sea; a wall of semi-tropical woods above the dunes; then miles of seamarsh through which wind many salt creeks; then another immense wooded ridge; then the backbeach. From north to south the island is perhaps ten miles long; its greatest width is about three miles. Within this compass there is, I suppose, as much wild life surviving as there is on any similar tract in the whole world. Wild turkeys and quail, deer and wild goats, raccoons, otter, minks, wild ducks, and shore-birds in vast clouds call this lonely island home. The deer upon it had always interested me chiefly. Here I had killed the only set of freak antlers I had ever secured; and here I had brought my boy to share with me the delight of being amused by Eddie, and of stalking out on the vast marsh at sunset, one of the island stags.

During the day these deer bed deep in the jungles of ilex, of sweet myrtles, of scrub pine and red cedar. As the day wanes, they seek companionship and food. I have counted as many as eighteen deer within sight at one time. But it is another matter to stalk a whitetail buck with antlers worth prizing.

Under the live-oaks and cedars we passed, our trail bordered by jungle so dense that the eye could penetrate it for but a yard or two. The palmettoes rustled softly; the warm breeze in the Spanish moss sighed gently. High overhead streamed long pennions of mallards. They were returning to the ponds whence we had routed them early in the morning. The woods were hushed and fragrant. It seemed to me that they smelt as if the dew had not yet dried. Birds warbled dreamily in this lone wilderness of beauty. I might have become very sentimental but for the fact that behind me trudged the stolid Eddie,—a constant reminder that we were on the scene for more than what Kipling calls "for to admire."

Perhaps I shouldn't have been in the lead; but it is hard to tell about such things. At any rate, as we were dipping through a swampy glade, a magnificent buck—a twelve-pointer, I thought—leaped clear across our pathway, gave us a show of his tall flag as he made a sudden flit, and was gone.

"We may not get a better chance today, son," I said regretfully. "I didn't shoot because I want you to burn the powder; and you couldn't shoot because of me. Eddie, do you call that buck a big one?"

Eddie grunted.

"He is a deer," the negro admitted grudgingly; "but we ain't looking for him. We is after my ole acquaintance."

The woods now began to thin; the roll of the surf to become more insistent; likewise the sun began to be less insistent. In a half-hour it would be behind that black wall of pines fringing the sand-dunes. Out of the woods we walked, encountering suddenly the melancholy great seamarsh. Stretching for miles away in either direction, dotted here and there with gnarled cedars and little clumps of dwarf pines, it shimmered in the mellow sunshine of the fading afternoon. Far-off, upon a spit of sand beside a gleaming creek, I saw a deer. But it was a doe. Ours was to be a stag party.

To me there is always something wilder and more majestic about a wasteland by the sea than there is in a wilderness of mountains. There is always the heaving anthem of the surf, the sense of vastness inseparable from the ocean, the tireless pacing of the tides; and when there glimmers away, as did here, an ancient reedy



country, silent and solitary, the impression is one full of mystery and of penetrant appeal.

"We had better turn this way," Eddie said in his matter-of-fact tone; "the last time I done see the great seamarsh buck he was down yonder by them cedars."

Long since I learned to listen to the man who has told me that he saw a deer in a certain place. A whitetail usually has an absurdly narrow range. If he is seen in

one locality, he will be found there again if left undisturbed. And a deer is mighty fond of home. He may roam a few miles, especially in the mating season; but he has his definite haunts, just like all the rest of us.

Through the seamarsh ran long open leads of sand; and these were cut into a thousand fantastic designs by the tracks of countless hundreds of animals. As we trudged up one of these, Eddie by my side and my little hunter following me, I noticed that the negro was scrutinizing the damp sand closely.

"Here it is, Cap'n," he said at last; "see this track?"

"That's the track of a calf," I said.

Eddie grinned and shook his head.

"The seamarsh buck," he said with decision.

"Our game now," I told the negro and my boy, "is not to be seen or heard or smelt. Though these deer are plentiful, they have been hunted a good deal,—especially by poachers from the mainland. If we can get a sight of this buck before he sees us, we have a chance. We must look holes through this marsh; and every now and then climb a cedar to spy out the land."

Nearly a mile we traveled



"The spectral marsh suddenly yielded one of the most magnificent heads that I have ever looked upon"



through the weird fascinating marsh. Our feet were wet and weary. The sun was beginning to burn off the tops of the pines and cedars to westward. Long lances of golden light shot silently across the shadowy plain of the marshland. Several deer we had seen,—but small ones. The hour was late. As the fog almost invariably rises densely at dusk on the marsh, we would have but a little while left for our stalking. So far our effort had been chiefly walking, not stalking.

"He might be out on the sand-dunes," Eddie suggested; and that possibility appeared likely to me, for these deer of the coastal islands love to pace the lonely dunes, to gaze upon the breakers, to wander down beside the sea. Perhaps they get the same sort of subtle enjoyment that we do under the same circumstances.

"But we don't have time to try the dunes tonight," I said; "and I'm afraid that we'll have to start home in the morning. Perhaps we should have taken a shot at one of those smaller deer."

"Don't give up yet, Cap'n; remember we is after one uncommon critter, and we must be uncommon patient."

"All right," I agreed; "but the sun isn't going to be patient enough to wait for our buck to appear."

While these discouraging words of mine were being spoken, I became aware of a slight tugging at the tail of my shooting jacket. My little boy was getting my attention.

"Dad," said his quiet voice, and very small in that huge marsh-stillness, "I think I see him."

A tiny finger pointed resolutely behind us. I followed its direction.

"How far?" I whispered, stooping down and beckoning for Eddie to follow suit.

"Not very far; he had his head up just now, but he put it down again. Another deer is with him."

Just then, some two hundred yards away, the spectral marsh suddenly yielded one of the most magnificent heads that I have ever looked upon. Even at that distance I could see the craggy and massive proportions of the antlers, their ruggedness, their strange palmation. All three of us saw and understood. I looked at Eddie to confirm what I already knew.

"Great Kingdom God A'mighty," he muttered, meaning no irreverence at all,—"dat's him."

"Son," I said, "if your Dad's any account, he's yours."

The great buck had evidently come out on the marsh to feed. We had a good half-hour of daylight. I had a chance in a thousand to give my little hunter a shot of which he might some day tell his grandsons.

"Eddie," I whispered, "you hide in that marsh right there. We'll go around a little to leeward. Come when you hear us shoot."

Then began ten minutes as exciting and fast as any through which I have ever lived. The two of us got down on all fours and crawled. Through animal-paths we went, getting soaked by the spongy sand and the misty tops of the marsh. Every few moments I'd look back to be sure that my boy was close on my trail, and that he was keeping low. It's good to stalk a buck for yourself, but better to stalk one for your little lad. When we had come about eighty yards, we drew up behind a thin screen of cedars. I ventured to peep through. Not more than a hundred yards away were

two deer. One was a large buck that had dropped his antlers. He evidently suspected some trouble; for he was standing head-on, his head high, his black nostrils wide, his big ears forward. Beside him, regal and unaware of any peril, stood the great seamarsh buck. In his full beauty he gleamed in the sunset. From glistening hoofs to chestnut antlers he was a superb wild creature. I may see other deer as fine; but I never expect to have duplicated the thrill I experienced in showing him to my boy.

"A little nearer, son," I said; "crawl after me. We must get within sixty yards for your Fox to make certain."

Fortune favored us. A slight breeze stirred from the stags to us. They were feeding; and as we approached them, they came toward us. Under a dense red cedar I came to a halt. The low boughs were thick-woven, forming a screen so perfect that, in that dim marshland light, I felt we were completely veiled. As I drew my little Robin Hood up beside me, feeling beneath my hand his heart beating fast, I fingered aside a wisp of swaying Spanish moss. We were within fifty yards of the bucks; and the huge one was standing broad-side.

"Son," I whispered, "I'm not going to shoot. Aim just behind the foreshoulder. Hold steady, and pull the trigger slowly."

There was a blinding report, the echoes of which rolled far down the shadowy marshland. Lithely away bounded the butthead buck. The great stag of the seamarsh took one magnificent leap, reached the borders of a darksome cedar glade, tried to turn, leaped again, and went down.

The hand of my little huntsman seemed very tiny as I took it in mine to lead him over to his first stalked whitetail stag. When we came up to him, we found him all that Eddie promised that he would be; and when the negro joined us, I told him that he had given us a straight story.

"The young gentleman done kill him?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," I answered, proudly enough.

"He is a true gunnerman," the negro said with complete satisfaction.

By the time we got the big buck to the lodge, it was late enough, I thought, for my youngster to go to bed. I saw him undressed and safely tucked in. Then I went out to help Eddie with the buck, which we had decided to attend to that night. Three hours later, after our work had been done, after we had the truly superb head of the great seamarsh buck packed for the taxidermist's, and after Eddie and I had smoked together and talked over our many hunts together, he said, in parting for the night:

"But this hunt is the beatingest one yet."

I agreed heartily.

Tiptoeing into my room, I shaded a candle as I lighted it. But my caution was vain. A little boy doesn't kill a big seamarsh buck every day. Over the edge of the blankets peered two wide black eyes. While Eddie and I had been working and talking, he had been refigiting in his own way the little sporting campaign that we had staged that afternoon on the seamarsh of lonely and lovely Jacqueline Island.

Beginning in the January issue
a series of stories for OUTDOOR AMERICA

by

ZANE GREY

Pollution

*Concerning the Protection of Fish,
Fish Food and Inland Waters*

*Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject*

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

The Vested Right to Do Wrong

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER
Pres. of the Outlook Company

IN the days when muck-raking flourished a vested right implied a horrendous thing. Vested rights were invariably secured by trickery, fraud, and corruption. They were always held by wicked corporations desirous of mulcting the public of its hard-earned dollars.

There are vested rights and vested rights. Some of them are good and some of them are bad. And not all of them have been secured by bribery and corruption or are held by wicked corporations.

One of the worst of them has been secured because of the ignorance and laziness of Mr. John Citizen and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and the possession of this particular interest is split about fifty-fifty between corporations, both good and bad, and the general public.

This interest might well be defined as "the vested right to destroy the health, property, and happiness of others." It is the right to pollute the watercourses and the seacoast of America.

In certain forms of primitive society families and villages simply moved on to an unspoiled location when the family hearth or the village common ground became too foul for endurance. There were always clean spaces to move to. Why worry over garbage disposal?

In our more complex civilization it is too much of a job to take up a town or a city and move on. Besides, there are few unoccupied places to go to. So wherever possible we move the waste of our homes, our cities, and our industrial enterprises into the nearest watercourse and trust to heaven and a good rainfall that the refuse in time will be washed away. The practice, if it were not universal, might help some towns and cities, but, unfortunately, the game of dumping refuse over your neighbor's back fence, or into your neighbor's well, loses even its temporary efficiency just as soon as it becomes reciprocal.

Under this genial habit of passing the muck, the magnificent Hudson, once a source of health, pleasure, and profit, has lost its right to be called a river and earned the more unpleasant title of "the Hudson Sewer." The city of Chicago, grown tired of dumping its sewage into Lake Michigan and pumping it out again for drinking water, has reversed the direction of the Chicago River, and now sends its effluvium down the Mississippi Valley for the benefit of St. Louis and the far-distant New Orleans. We Americans are, if nothing else, a generous folk.

The problem that faces America today is more than a problem of the disposal of old-fashioned sewage. It is also a problem of pollution by oil, and the extent of the menace of oil pollution we are only just beginning to understand. Faced with this new threat against our waters, it is time for our leaders to speak out and speak boldly. Most of the inhabitants of our cities and towns have already forgotten what clean water looks like. But there are still streams and lakes and bays which are undefiled, and we must keep them so.

To stay the march of pollution is the first task before the country. Then we must win back for ourselves the waterways which we have defiled. We must win them back before it is too late to restore them to the Nation as the source of an immeasurable food supply and as the recreation grounds of its children. Our industrial corporations must be made to see that they have no more

right to pollute our rivers and bays than they would have to run their drainage through the streets of neighboring cities. That they have acted as they have in the past is due not to inherent depravity, but to the fact that our citizenry at large has been equally guilty in acquiescing in the creation of a vested right to do wrong. Why should a glue factory be more jealous of the public interest than the public itself?

But now it is the job of both our industrial leaders and our communities to call a halt. It will not be an easy job, this changing of the habits and practices of a nation. It will not be a cheap job if we figure the cost by the immediate expenditure of dollars and cents. But it will be the most profitable job that the Nation has ever undertaken if we succeed in changing back our sewers into rivers and our polluted lakes and bays into the crystal springs of delight which they once were. No temporary sacrifice will be too great for such an end.

The movement to cleanse our waters is the one conservation movement which touches the health and happiness of every American.

River Pollution Near Versailles, Ohio

Versailles, Ohio, August 13, 1923.

DEAR Dr. Henshall:

I am a member of the Izaak Walton League and a subscriber to its magazine, also a member of a local Fish Protective Club. My heart and soul are in sympathy with the League's movement for the conservation of black bass and other fish.

I reside in Versailles, but my former home was in Lexington, Ky. I am doing all I can to induce my brother anglers to take an interest in the work of the Izaak Walton League and to subscribe to its excellent monthly.

The Ohio Fish Commission has planted car loads of black bass in the streams near this town; but where are they now? The answer is not far to seek. All the waste water, offal and sewage from factories and the town are dumped into the river. I reside near a creek that empties into the river. At ordinary stages the scum that floats on its surface is foul and green, and the odor is very offensive. Now how can we have any fish under these conditions?

This pollution of inland waters seems to be universal. In Kentucky I have seen sawdust from mills piled up on the bank of a stream until a rise in the Spring washed it into the river. Once when fishing on a stream in that state I heard a blast or explosion far up the mountain stream. The next day hundreds of dead bass floated on the stream—the work of the dynamiter. And it was a common practice for the fish hog to snare black bass when on their spawning beds.

The members of the Izaak Walton League can talk their heads off to try to stop these vile depredations and unlawful practices unless they are backed up by the state authorities with suitable laws and efficient warden to enforce them.

I use light tackle, the artificial fly and only single hook artificial lures, am content with less than the lawful limit of fish caught, and I hope all good sportsmen will conform with similar restrictions. We must concede something to show our sincerity.

Yours truly, GEORGE M. GOETZ.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Stream Pollution in Pennsylvania

In regard to the American people and the pollution of our streams, the plaint of Job, "that which I feared has come upon me," might well be changed to read, "that which I ignored has come upon me," for to a great extent we, the voters, are to blame, even as Secretary Herbert Hoover says: "Until the people care and let their State Government and the National Government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any Outdoor America legislation." A sentence in the following article fills me with deep sorrow—"streams already so polluted that it is not economical or advisable to attempt to restore them to a clean condition"—is this not a terrible indictment of the indifference in which the American people have held the condition of their rivers? Once clean sparkling waters now so filthy and polluted as to be impossible of restoration to a clean condition! Let us resolve to do our part in protesting against such evil stream conditions, and let us begin to act now so that no other river in our land shall ever come to the same hopeless pass.

THE EDITOR

THE State's plan for dealing with the stream pollution problem was outlined for the first time at the recent stream pollution conference at the Engineers' Club.

Sanitary and municipal engineers, in recommending similar procedure for other States, said the plan paved the way for a real solution of the public question of stream pollution, which menaced human health, killed fish, interfered with water recreation and caused nuisances.

Briefly the plan divides the streams of the State into three classifications: Those that are relatively clean and pure, streams which are more or less polluted and in which further pollutions shall be prevented and streams already so polluted that it is not economical or advisable to attempt to restore them to a clean condition.

The plant of the Sanitary Water Board, which under the code has complete jurisdiction over stream pollution of all kinds, is to prohibit all artificial pollution of all streams now clean and pure. All sewage or industrial wastes on the watershed of such streams must be treated to such a degree that the affluent shall be virtually free from all undesirable matter.

Sewage and industrial wastes will be permitted to be discharged into the third-class streams, those already polluted beyond hope, provided that such discharge shall not create any public nuisance or menace to health.

The main problem, Mr. Stevenson said, was with the streams in which pollution is to be controlled. These constitute the majority of the 4,419 streams in the State.

"When the Sanitary Board designates any stream in that class," he said, "it will determine the degree of treatment of polluting matter, and this will be based upon the use and condition of the stream both at present and in the probable future in order to compare the cost of treatment with the value of the benefits to

the public obtained through protection to sources of public water supplies, fish life and recreational use of the stream.

"State inspectors will examine streams to ascertain places of pollution and then the board will adopt means of securing abatement.

"Municipalities will be required to put their sewage through proper plants to eliminate all poisonous or other undesirable material before their sewage is permitted to be sent into the streams.

(Continued on page 254)

Inoculation



Eighty-five per cent of our streams are polluted. Little boys when they swim in them lose their eye-sight, get sores in their ears, sores on their bodies and pollution is taking its yearly toll of human life—and to a larger extent than the people know. When will our people wake up?



DID you ever shoot on the Illinois in the Spring?

Were you one that always planned to be on hand when the ice went out to get the first crack at mallards and sprigs after a winter of discontent? If you were, you know that the greatest shooting of all was the Spring shooting. Ill advised, barbarous, cruel and unusual it may have been, still it had a zip to it that Fall shooting always lacks. This may not apply when the blood is thinning and advancing years portend a slowing up in the old thermostat, but for your more or less hard-boiled shooter the Spring with its rough weather was the time. In those days it was the fashion to shoot in the Spring and until the Izaak Walton League, may its powers increase, began spreading the gospel few of us thought of the future, but looked back at what our forbears had done, criticized them no end and then proceeded to do likewise as far as the law allowed. Now we know that we were dead wrong, and thinking it over bewail the fact that the pardon came so late. But every Fall the evidence points to the fact that it came not too late, and we gloat over our righteousness. When Spring comes now we watch for the first signs of the northward migration and when it is well under way we thrill at what the Fall promises and silently and reverently charge every hen mallard with doing her full duty in a true Rooseveltian manner. For the last few years how noticeable the advantages of this program have been, for when it comes to mallards and sprigs particularly, the shooting has been far and away ahead of the old days.

To some of us, however, the Spring shooting law took something from our lives (and we are uncomplaining) that will never be replaced—at least no signs exist to indicate it, and to those of you who with me sought the big water and the deep rivers and there from the first of April until the 15th tried grips with that bold swashbuckler, the blue bill, this reminiscence is offered.

In your mind hold a picture of the Illinois high in its banks and as it is sung, swiftly flowing. A dark gray day with a brisk wind from the north and a dash of spray stinging your face. A brush blind on the proper end of a timbered island and a big stool of blocks bobbing out in front. Tie the old boat down for you're going to get a ride on a day like this. It must be a gray day, for who of the old school wants to shoot ducks when the sun is shining brightly? I don't, for one. To me it is rough game and I want a rough day. Can't you just make out in the distance a movement barely discernible, over the wave crests? Now the movement is more marked and a long line appears. Now the line breaks up into units and coming toward us at a break-neck speed is a bunch of blue bills—Oh, Boy,



TROOPERS OF THE SKY

From the original etching by Earl H. Reed

When the Law Went On

By GERALD PECK

of eye and bold beyond words. Stand up if you like, but if the decoys look good to him, in he comes and what a lot of sixes he can carry away.

And now to revert to the Spring of 1918 the last Spring in which shooting was legal. The season had been a good one, lots of big ducks early, and finally the blue bills arrived. We had shot in the timber holes, but now we fixed up the river blinds and prepared for the grand finale. After shooting big ducks in the early Spring, working hard, freezing and all that sort of thing, could anything be more delightful than finishing off with a couple of weeks of blue bill shooting? For by that time the old eye was right and it surely was a touch and go affair. We were about ready to call it a good season. The close came on a Monday night at sundown and Sunday dawned hot and bright and calm. Not at all promising, but being next to the last day everybody turned out early to try for a day's shoot and leave for home Sunday night. Every river blind was occupied and what a day it was! Spring in all her glory had arrived and nature was doing her best to change the scenery for us. But of shooting there was none. It seemed that every bird had picked up the night before and hiked for the north, leaving the river bare. We stayed and stayed, hoping against hope that a flight would start and we would get some bag on the final try. As the sun went down and the dusk settled, we agreed it was a failure, that the flight had gone northward to its sanctuary and that the Spring season of 1918 was over.

Slowly we picked up the blocks and started for the Club, but we were so far away and it was so late that it meant a race to get the evening train; and after much parley we concluded to take our time, stay over night and in the morning put our stuff away properly. When we arrived at the Club the other members had left and Doc and I were all alone in our glory. We sat up late that night and together went over in detail the shoots we had had that Spring and the satisfactory scores we had made. About turning-in time the superintendent joined us and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had not shot a gun during the entire Spring. This was the only Spring in thirty years that

there is a thrill for you! The white on the drakes begins to show up and then they see the decoys. The bunch makes the swing without even putting on the brakes, and before you know it they are over the decoys on bowed wings with breasts up. Now give it to them — wham — away they go leaving a few behind. Almost before you have picked up and gotten back into your brush pile a roar of wings and over the top of the island comes another bunch sliding in. And so it goes with a slam—bang. The blue bill is the boy to keep you busy—strong of wing, keen

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



he had failed to get a shoot, and he felt that fate had dealt him a poor hand. Incidentally, he is a wonderful shot (he had to be, for in the early days it was his livelihood) and the best caller I have ever met. Not one of those plaintive, pleading, wistful callers, but a rough, loud, raucous caller. When he goes after a bunch of mallards it sounds as if some one was sawing a cellar door and these mallards not alone hear, but they believe. Why, I have seen him sit out in a twenty foot launch, newly painted white, and call mallards in so close that a dub could knock them down with a twenty. When he uses a call he knows he is telling the truth and he wants the world to hear, and believe me, it does. Well, we felt sorry for him, for it seemed like depriving him of his birthright, but there was nothing we could suggest and we all turned in.

When morning came, force of habit roused us early, and as we stood on the porch a little wind was blowing steadily from the northeast and we looked wistfully out over the marsh.

Convinced in our minds that we were through, still we hated to believe it and so we stood and scanned the skyline for any sort of excuse to try once more. Try as we would no encouragement could we find and it looked like packing up. Again the superintendent appeared and this time said, "Boys, it looks a little better today, but I guess it is no use." There seemed no encouragement anywhere, but the inherent longing to once more nestle the cheek against the walnut and squint over the damascus made us grasp at a straw. "Frank," I said, "this is the last shooting day and when the sundown comes — nothing doing until Fall." This he knew was true and he looked as if his best friend was gasping his last. Making one more grab at the proverbial straw, we again brought up the fact that he had had no shoot and inquired if he would like to go out with us and try. Imagine our surprise and pleas-

ure when he fell in with both feet and replied that if there was a duck left in the county he was going to find it, and so the silver lining appeared and we quickly got our stuff together, hooked onto the launch and started the apparently hopeless cruise; miles and miles we covered, looking in on all the likely holes, to find them bare. Then the river proper and the bayous, but not a bird anywhere. High in the air (it seemed a mile) a small bunch, mallards late in starting, were headed northward. Now a pair at the same elevation with the same ideas. After two hours of this, all told, we did not see sufficient ducks to make a shoot for one of us and nothing but an airplane could get them. Did

(Continued on page 246)



"THE CALL OF THE NORTH"

From the original etching by Earl H. Reed



Alibi Dan— The Perfect Fisherman

Painting
By
Frank Stick

(True in Spots)

By
HARRY W. FRANTZ

I FIRST met old Dan at the Fishing Bridge, near the outlet of Lake Yellowstone. He leaned over the well-worn rail and watched his gray fly drift down the green stream—a slouch-hatted, gray-mustachioed, quid-chewing, checker-shirted, high-booted gentleman of the Old Western School. Languid in manner he was; serene of countenance, but somehow radiating an air of mystery. Here, I felt, was The Perfect Fisherman—a person to whose hook the trout would drift by some inevitable law, as mysterious and as certain as that of gravitation.

The hours passed and the greatest fishing-bridge in the world was barren of trout. The hungry black-spotted beauties bobbed up nimbly after the natural bait in the air, sometimes barely an inch or two from the hooks, sneered at the fishermen and plunged deep again. The white gulls picked up a few, but the Sons of Izaak Walton nary a one.

"Fishin' ain't what it ought to be," he suggested as I caught his glance after a cheerless siege. I can remember when we used to catch millions of 'em here—we never came without a packhorse to take 'em home. Of course, there wasn't any laws or limits in them days.

"But it's different now," he went on sadly. "Them fish are all wise. So many sagebrushers fishin' off the bridge that the fish know every kind of fly by heart an' they're ez leary of a spinner as a cowboy of an airplane. They must have schools down there an' traffic laws to keep the young away from the hooks."

Finally we gave up in disgust.

"It's a mighty long time since I ever went home skunked," said Dan, as we trudged back toward Lake camp. He chewed his tobacco and spat at a beetle crawling across the road. "It's all them sagebrushers to blame, too. Too many fishin'—it's a sin they ever invented Fords and built roads into these hills."

A few days later I trolled near lake outlet, with modest success. Off in the blue distance by Stevenson Island I could see another boat, with the old Westerner in the stern. He had already become personified in my mind as The Perfect Fisherman, and I waited for him at noon by the boat-landing.

He stepped empty-handed onto the pier and greeted me, his eyes sad, but with a calmness of countenance worthy of Gautama Buddha.

"Lake's gettin' fished out," he announced. "I can remember when you'd lame your wrist from reelin' in the big ones. Guess maybe it's the pelicans to blame—hundreds of 'em cruisin' around all spring, hoggin' the young fish. They must eat fifty a day," he estimated carefully, "an' if there's five hundred of 'em that's two hundred and fifty thousand fish."

He took a pencil from his pocket and began to figure on a box-end.

"Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year an' two hundred and fifty thousand fish a day—that's somewhere aroun' ninety-one million fish a year (I learned later that he had erroneously added a cipher to his total). Not much wonder I didn't get a strike all mornin'."

A week passed before I saw old Dan again. Then one evening, whipping the Yellowstone in the Hayden Valley, I came upon him. He was seated on the bank, changing a spinner for an artificial grub of some kind.

"Should have brought grasshoppers," he said. "Tried 'em on spinners an' flies—they're just naturally not hungry—too much natural bait in the air this year. Never saw such swarms of flies an' gnats an' bugs—you'd think the river was made of honey or somethin'."

I went upstream, he went down, but we met after dusk near the road-camp. I did not venture to look into his creel.

"Had a monster hooked an' almost landed when my leader broke," he responded to my questioning glance.

"These leaders they're sellin' in the stores are rotten," he continued, "someone ought to kick to the government about it. It's bad enough with all them ducks piratin' fish with government protection an' then to have the stores sellin' rotten tackle." He reflected for a while. "They used to make a leader over in Scotland somewhere—Glasgow, I guess it was—an' sell it down in Cody, which would land anything—couldn't break one of 'em with a whale. I had one of 'em when I caught that thirty-four inch rainbow in the Shoshony north fork."

Dan and I were to meet often during the summer. His life was chiefly a matter of fishing. There was a peculiar charm in my every encounter with him—and a lot of good "copy." Something of the Old West and the spirit of Jim Bridger hovered about him, and he talked informatively of fishholes and tackle and wonderful riffles and of marvelous catches that he had made. All of which confirmed my thought of him as The Perfect Fisherman—though I may confess that he rarely opened his basket to my inspection. For that matter, much of his fishing was done late at night, and he declared that eleven by the moon was the magic hour for fishermen.

There was novelty, too, in the ingenuous manner in which he explained away whatever ill-fortune beset him. That fish had holidays he had no doubt. Sometimes he had trouble because the sun was too bright, and sometimes because the clouds were too dark; sometimes the wind made the water too rough, and sometimes a slight ripple on the water would have enabled a great catch. The rocky bottom figured in his luck, and once the steep walls of the canyon had prevented his landing what was probably the greatest trout ever hooked in the park. From all of his explanations, the boys at the road camps got to calling him "Alibi Dan."

In late August word spread through the park of a tremendous trout in Slough Creek. It was known to the men on the Hay Farm as Old Spot. Ben Rean, the cook, fishing for the mess, had lost several outfits to this monster and was so fearful of it that he used to prod it away with his pole, thus saving his tackle.

Old Dan disappeared from his regular haunts around Yellowstone Lake. When I reached the Hay Farm, bent on getting the first accurate accounts of Old Spot's depredations for the nation's press, I found him there. For a week, the boys said, the old man had been out daily and nightly, trying his luck with the big one. He had fished, he said, with Number One Coachman and two-inch spoons and huge grasshoppers.

At Ben's suggestion I caught a live mouse for bait, and went to the hole in Slough Creek where Old Spot last had been seen. Old Dan was there.

There was suddenly an angry white swish on the surface of the water.

"That's the one," said Dan; "he's been studying my hook for a week. He lays right over there."

I do not pretend to be a fisherman. Fishermen, I believe, are born not made, and heredity was against me, for all my ancestors had lived on the desert far from trout streams.

Yet it was my fortune on this wonderful night to catch Old Spot. He struck with the force of lightning,

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



and swallowed mouse and hook. I struggled with him for an hour, and finally when on the verge of exhaustion I towed him to the shore.

Dan had watched the performance in silence. There was a flicker of sadness over his features as of one who had missed a tremendous opportunity, but he retained his wonted poise.

"It's almost as big as some of those we used to catch years ago," he said thoughtfully. "The Indians used to make us hooks out of the jawbones of beavers."

In early September the tourists begin to desert the Yellowstone and every man Jack of the ranger force and camps and hotels who ever owned a reel begins to sneak away from his work for a little recreation. There are a thousand places to go, but any old timer will tell you that the Seven Mile Hole, in the Canyon of the Yellowstone, is by far the best. There are unbelievable tales of giant cutthroats caught in this roaring hole.

This year party after party outfitted at Canyon Station and rode over the trail past Angel Geyser to this heavenly spot. All came back with the limit—ten beauties all far beyond the eight-inch minimum. The fame of the hole spread over the park, and it was not surprising that Dan drifted in that direction.

I was alone at Mammoth headquarters one evening in mid-September when the phone bell rang.

"Canyon Station speaking," said Ranger Smith. "I caught old Dan breaking the fishing rules at Seven Mile Hole and I'm wondering what to do about it."

"How many did he have?" I asked.

"It's not how many but how big," laughed Smith. "He only had five, but three of them were only about six inches long."

"What's his alibi?" I asked.

"Well, the old man's pretty badly upset. He says his eyesight must be failing, for the fish sure looked big enough."

Old Dan and I had been pretty good friends. The chief ranger was not around, and the Judge was up in Montana.

"You'd better let him go with a warning," I ventured

to suggest. "It's just some more of his rotten luck. The late spring, and the pelicans, and the cloudy water, and the sagebrushers and the rotten tackle and the unusual supply of bugs and a lot of other things have spoiled his year's fishing. There's no doubt in my mind that old Dan would be a Perfect Fisherman—if conditions were ever just right."



"There are unbelievable tales of the giant cutthroats caught in this roaring hole."

"FLY FISHING, FILMS AND FRIENDSHIP"

will be the title of a story which will appear
in our January issue by

SIR GEORGE ASTON, author of "Mostly About Trout" etc.



THE LEGEND OF "THE PREACHER HOLE"

BY EARL REED

THE Reverend Roscoe Boggs lived a holy life
Near the swirling winding waters of the Tippecanoe.
He preached The Word in a clap-board Baptist
Church

To a chosen few, who came and listened for the reason
That they had nothing else to do.

They were all too aged for sin,
And were so near Eternal Life,
That talking religion to them
Was like painting the flowers of the field
Just before the petals fall.

A sense of futility crept into the mind of Boggs one night,
When the red and yellow leaves began to float on the river,
And he stalked silently and gloomily along "The Dismal
Road"—

So named because one somber eve in early times,
A frenzied Indian Chief
Who, in the molar breaking nomenclature of his tribe,
Bore a name signifying "The Screech Owl,"
Knifed his erring squaw

And dragged her by her raven hair
Along that sinuous highway, when it was a Red Man's
trail.

He heaved her into Hoffman Lake,
And, when the bubbles ceased, considered the incident
closed.

The dusky victim baffled fate, and returned the next day,
When her coppery visaged lord had sobered up,
And concord was restored in the bark wigwam.
But this was a long time before what happened to Roscoe
Boggs,

And the story is only mentioned here
To enable those familiar with the region
To identify the route that Roscoe took.
Our hero turned off into the maple-bowered woods
And sought a quiet nook,
Where a bend in the river hollows deep fissures
Under the entangled roots.

Here the purling currents seek repose on their way to the
sea,

And hide from the light of the sun.
Here the little Rock Bass, that are under legal size,
Now keep nightly rendezvous with countless angleworms,
And myriad bugs that slip into the darkened waters.

Roscoe Boggs was an ardent Baptist,
And his amphibious creed naturally prompted him
To seek water when trouble was upon his soul.
Out of the swirling pool in the river's bend,
A long old log protruded over the surface,
At an estimated angle of forty-five degrees.

This log was like the scriptural "pillar of fire by night,"
For in the darkness it glowed with phosphorescent radiance.
Astride this log Roscoe Boggs sat
And gazed into the mysterious depths of the pool.
In it he saw the pallid moon
And the nebulous light of a multitude of stars.
He wondered if indeed he was not then nearer to Eternal
Life,

And to the source of Infinite Power,
Than when he was in his pulpit.
In this he was quite correct.

For the current swayed the log to an unfortunate angle,
And rolled Roscoe into liquid oblivion—
Not the liquid oblivion sought by lovers of "strong waters,"
But that of the ethereal spirit,
That is not made by man, and is beyond his ken.
Enormous bass and hordes of prowling catfish,
That move over the rippled sands of the river,
Turned into the bend

To learn the cause of the mighty splash,
And to look upon the prodigious thing
That had entered their domain,—
For Roscoe Boggs weighed nearly three hundred pounds,
And this might in some way have contributed to his
immersion.

Few preachers ever fatten,
But Roscoe's ministerial salary
Had always consisted mostly of pork in various forms
From the farms of his devout flock,
And the doctors usually ascribe corpulency
To excessive pork.
This diversion from the story may seem superfluous,
But a fat Baptist preacher must be explained.
A holy light radiated in the pool
When the sanctified soul departed from the adipose tissues
of Roscoe Boggs.

In the orderly course of nature he was consumed
By the uncanny catfish clans
That swam in from every sweep and bend,
And from every marshy bayou of the river,
To partake of this fallen limb of the Baptist Church,
That an all-wise providence had provided;
For, like all the denizens of the air and the deeps,
They must "seek their meat from God"—
Baptist though it be.

Since the catastrophe to Boggs,
The little Rock Bass, that are under legal size,
Have congregated nightly and wept—
Not because they were sorry for Boggs,
But because they did not know of the place before,
And were not present at the feast of the catfish.

Their eyes became red with this weeping,
And, night after night, they stood on their tails
And told the sad story to the chubs and the sunfish.
They moralized so much on the advisability
Of little fish staying in the deep holes,
Instead of out on the sandy shallows,

That the big bass,
That weighed three or four pounds,
Began to call them "preachers."
It is these little preachers that sample the artificial baits,
That flop and splash along the shadowed surfaces of the
river,

And tell the bigger fish the maker's names—
Just as human preachers sample in secret the manifold
worldly sins,
And are thus enabled to talk more feelingly to those in the
pews.

Since Roscoe Boggs was submerged in the pool—
And since the red-eyed fish have dwelt in the deep waters—
A wraith has seemed to hover among the gnarled snags
in the depths,

That are fringed with countless lost fish hooks,
And the place has been called "The Preacher Hole"
By those who angle in the river for finny prey,
And have learned the lore of the stream.

On still misty nights, a select few
Have seen something pale, ghostly and wan,
Astride the gently swaying log,
And have retreated into the shadows of the other shore,
And gone on.

Phantom whiskers seemed to wave softly in the motionless
air

As they departed from the hallowed spot.
Scoffers tell of a floating jug,
Found far down the river,
Soon after the disappearance of Boggs,
That exhaled a fiendish breath,
And say that even the aged bull-frogs,
That inhabit the nearby slough called "The Goose Pond,"
Trumpet loudly every night—in sonorous tones:—

"Old Boggs got drunk! Old
Boggs got drunk!
Got drunk—got drunk—got
drunk—got drunk—
Old Boggs got drunk—got
drunk—got drunk—got
drunk!!!"

He may have been foolish
enough to get drunk
On the end of a phosphores-
cent log

Protruding over deep
waters—
Offering his libations to the
River Gods—

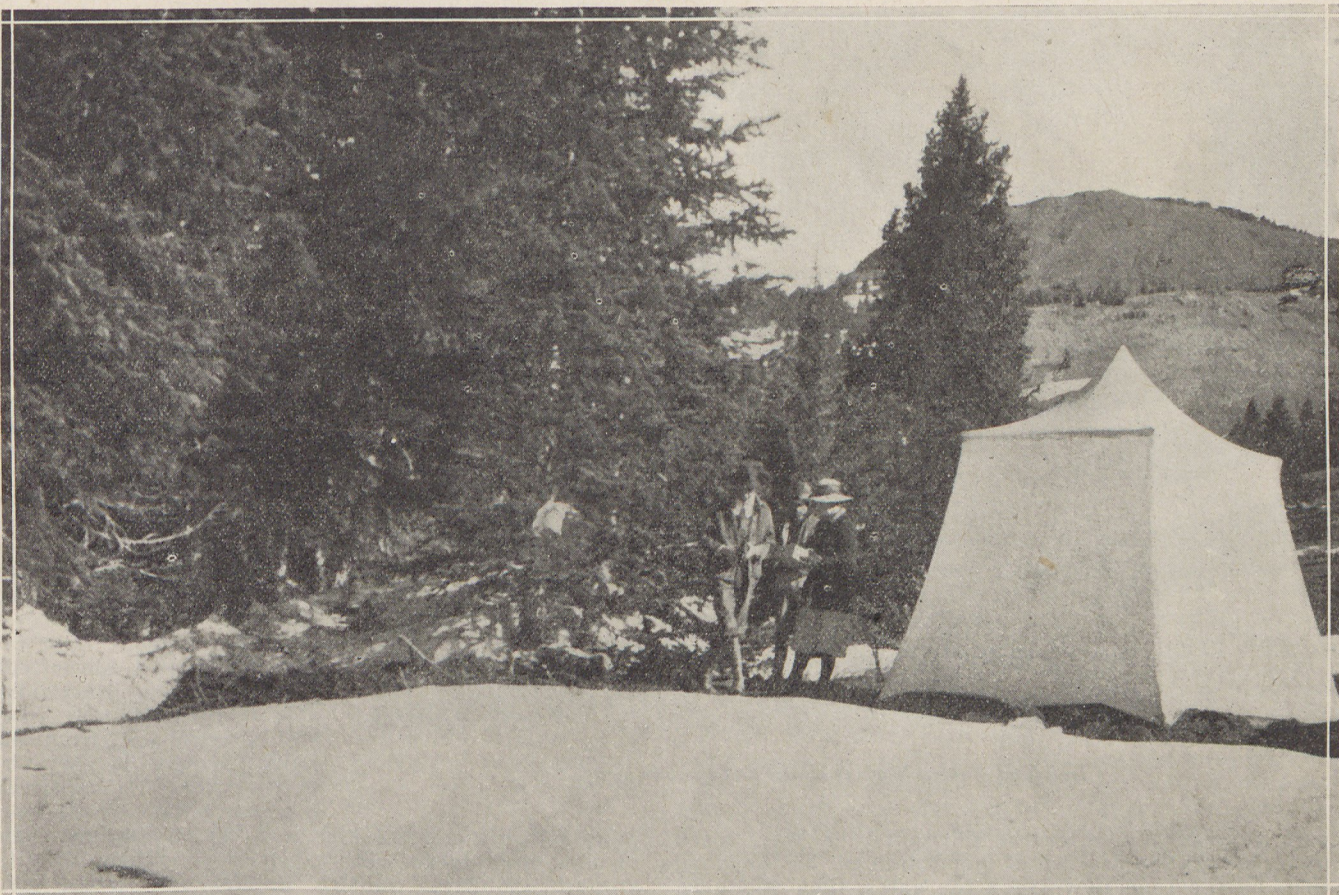
But whether he did or not,
The spirit of Romance will
forever abide at "The
Preacher Hole,"

Where the red-eyed fishes
swim—

And where Johnny Fogle
whisks them out into
the underbrush.



"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



"On a small brown space emerging from the snow we made camp."

To the Top and Beyond

Author of "Hymn of Colorado," "Aspens," "Sonnets of the West," etc.

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

WE left Denver at sunrise, one day last June, my brother and I, bound for the top of the world and beyond it, to Arizona, whence had come an imperative call.

This meant crossing the Continental Divide at a comparatively new pass, in a range of the Rockies to the south, called Wolf Creek and the birthplace of two mighty rivers, the Rio Grandé and the San Juan. In memory of that Colorado day, all my life I will offer libations to beauty, enticing, adorable, that played about our car every step of the journey; laughing from valleys, frolicking about the hills, hushed and reverent, pointing up to the white sublimity that circled our horizons as we sped on and on.

We paused but once, to disturb an enormous box of provender, on which we made the faintest of impressions and to disdain our one small coffee-filled thermos for the icy bounty of a spring.

Our final stage was a race with sunset over gray moors and a brown ribbon of road, seeming to unwind, unwind, ahead of us, forever.

At last—houses, fences, a great irrigation ditch. Ah!!! A splendid young river rushed down from new, tremendous hills, shouting under a heavy burden of melted snow, spreading sturdy arms about the lowlands, hugging green tufts of islands to his breast. Behind, the white capped San Juans, mother mountains that bore this turbulent adventurer, watched his swift exit from their arms on prodigal wanderings away and away.

Once before, far to the south, I had seen that jubilant conqueror. Then, he was dying, choked in the grasp of desert sands.

Hail Rio Grandé! We leaped over an iron bridge, into—till the morrow, our journey's end.

"Del Norté," "Of the North!" This southern Colorado town of heat and harvest conjures up romantic imaginings of the conquistadores: men of Cortez and Coronado, coming from Mexico and struggling painfully through the great San Juan barrier into this blooming plain; for them, Ultima Thule and therefore given an appropriate name.

But no. Fact, as recounted by a native pioneer, merely declares that because the neighbor waters were dubbed in Castilian, "The Great River of the North," Del Norté fell heir to the tail of the appellation.

Del Norté is a pretty little American town, swathed in a lacy mantilla of cottonwoods and somewhat freckled with Mexicans. It has a main street, an infinitesimal public square, a much abused mineral well and a band.

Cheerily, we flourished up to the Spanish Trail Inn. Had I not some excuse for my excursion into unlive history? With sudden chill, we viewed an adjacent car of worn and ominous mien. Snow lay heaped on running boards and fender, in heavy disheartening slush, disintegrating slowly in the balmy summer air.

Spring is dilatory on the heights. What if the pass were not yet open? Del Norté is a last outpost of the Continental Divide. Our schedule was to climb over it next day, through the San Juan mountains and Wolf Creek. If winter still barred us out, we would be forced to follow the river to Santa Fé, thence, hurry into Arizona; to arrive there, doubtless, too late.

Of course, officials in Denver had told us all was well. We conclude that these optimists take a sporting chance



"In a land of miracle where winter and summer meet."

with tourists and, after the thirty-first of May, speed them on with unwarranted good tidings, in the hope that, by the time they reach the gates, they will have swung wide. The truth is, between the 15th of October and the 15th of June, almost invariably, they are locked against the world.

This was the tenth of June. Re-assurance, if not overwhelming, was genial, offered by our host, a tall young boniface with the rosy look of outdoors.

"That's my car," he said. "It got to a mile of the top to-day. Pagosa Springs, 27 miles from it, over on the other side, is working up, too. With a few hours' work, both gangs will meet. To-morrow is Sunday and there will be lots of volunteers. Only a few drifts left. Follow us up in the morning. You'll get through. Sure!"

We dined, strolled, retired. Then, morning, breakfast and an early getaway toward those disquieting white crests; to the sweet earth tunes of churchbells and rushing water, we mounted heavenward. Lansing reported: "The road breakers are a half hour ahead."

A Dodge coupé followed us. It contained two young men, whose aspect would have been very agreeable, unaccompanied by their expression of bored pessimism. They were oil geologists, bound for southern Utah on a job, after which they had planned a brief self-ordained vacation for the personal joys of fishing, before having to report at headquarters. They had been waiting four days at the Inn for the pass to be opened. I fancy Del Nortian pastime for the stranger might be exhausted in three.

We darted over the handsome thoroughfare, only a few years old, The Spanish Trail, on our way to Wolf Creek Pass, whizzing among the silver windings of the radiant Rio Grandé, over emerald flats strewn with flocks and herds, jewelled in flowers of purple and gold.

Presently, timbered slopes of pinon pine succeeded, but we continued to follow the river and its vivid border of cottonwoods. In a mile or two, taking its South Fork for our guide, we ascended with that picturesque tributary into a realm of delicate green. This was a world of aspens; those tall slim white dryads, daughters and lovers of the heights, who are too pure, too aspiring for low sad levels of the earth. Were there but one beauty in the Rockies and that these exquisite trees, they would change the dreariest solitude to fairyland.

Pale, shining rivers of light, here, they flowed through evergreen seas, with the South Fork, a bewitching gypsy, singing and dancing among them in the forest peace. We passed many auto campers in these outskirt hills, lured there by trout.

Up, up, we went into unimagined wonder, venturing till face to face with heights, clothed in summer, turning, twisting, climbing into new enchantments, till the South Fork was only a thread of gold far below, glimpsed through gloom of pines, gaiety of aspens, solemnity of granite. A thousand elfin brooks sped by us, eager messengers from cold, white loveliness beyond, hastening down to meet the Rio Grandé.

The courageous road ran blithely over a sheer cliff wall carrying us in comfortable security, though, when we looked back, from our swift plunge beside the bright rush of Decker Creek, the glance was terror. Once

more we rose and the hills in great enveloping cloaks of pine, embroidered with aspen silver gathered silently around. Squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, darted from our wheels of doom. We passed Columbine Falls, festooned in white and lavender of Colorado's state flower and tumultuous with the mad harmony of innumerable descending rills. Nature, in the Rockies praises God with mighty music in her great spring song of melting snows.

Unwelcome hints of humanity in this virgin land; cottages in the making; tragedy, in black traces of forest fire; acres of charred pine, stripped and pitiful, with aspens springing from their crumbling feet, like resurrection after death; drama, in Box Canyon, where the loudly protesting river is forced into a narrow prison, foaming indignantly between low, sheer walls.

A little beyond, where the tall evergreens rise and rise in aloof peace, we spurned the first patch of snow from scornful tires. 11 o'clock!

The purple smile of violets greeted our entrance into high parklike country, whose grassy slopes gently ambled from a tranquil brook up into wooded hills. But far above, white sheets covered bald shining pates, fringed below with a heavy timbered thatch, that sleep the year around in blue infinity. Snowfields began to linger among the trees; ghosts of winter that frightened the aspens whose buds, here, had not yet dared the spring. We crossed Pass Creek, the Middle Fork of the Rio Grandé, which now became our convoy to the top.

Up and up! The white patches began to look alarming. It was evident that only very recently had the road shaken itself free. A slight buzz in the ears proclaimed increasing altitude. We nodded across canyons, to mountain tops beneath us and went higher, higher, higher, in aisles of solemn pine. About us, grandeur grew in stark simplicity. We were in sanctuary. Dark cathedral pillars lifted from marble floors into a thousand lofty spires that pointed at azure June.

We negotiated our first drift, whose sides still gleamed with the mark of tools. The shovellers were only a little way ahead. Grazing more dazzling passages, we came to Alberta Park, named doubtless in memory of Canadian wilds. The Middle Fork is very young and near its birthplace here, and it coos in its little brown bed.

We passed a camp; later, we learned it was that of the few roadbreakers hired by the state. Near it,

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



a well stocked covered wagon stood, that we were destined to remember. The place was deserted except for a tethered horse and an old man, sleeping, stretched across the wagon seat.

We climbed, climbed. Running board and fenders shipped frozen waves as we struggled through that heavy white tide. Wreck was averted by widening the bar. It was Lansing's first effort toward opening the pass.

We reached the Del Norte gang and for a time, the end. We were in a land of miracle, where summer and winter met. The air was balmy blue and gold; the ground, a frigid spectacle of snow.

By noon we were on top of the Continental Divide at Wolf Creek Pass, Colorado, 11,000 feet high. Excelsior!

Fifteen men were digging through a glistening trench; Del Norte citizens and the half dozen government laborers. Undoubtedly, a sporting spirit animates these hard-working volunteers, who come up and assist nature in clearing the pass every year in early June, but it cannot be denied that there is reward in the return of tourist trade and travel. The opening of Wolf Creek Pass, northern gateway to the Mesa Verde, and beyond it to the great southwest, is telegraphed all over the country and the news goes from mouth to mouth and car to car, often faster than the wires. The land, on either side, for many miles, rejoices with a personal congratulation. It is always an achievement to cross first each season and automobile and driver, that perform this feat, are famous for a day.

My brother and the Dodge gentlemen, who came up behind us, joined the workers, among whom rosier than ever, was our host of the inn. A hundred and fifty yards of obstacle were tossed aside, at last. We moved through. 2 o'clock!

Our progress up the eastern slope had been punctuated with sounds of dynamite, heralding the approach of the Pagosa party on the west. Now, not a half mile away, they came into sight, like ourselves on the level acres topping the world. The road between was impeded only by a large drift on their side, a small one on ours. Everyone became jovial and nonchalant for the annual tough battle with the pass would soon be over.

My brother whispered a suggestion regarding our lunch. It appeared that some of the workers, after encompassing their own, still felt a void. That morning, we had laughingly declined the offer of a waitress to add to our burdensome larder. I handed over the imposing box. When returned, there were great gaps in the bottom layer. "We should worry," said Lansing, "We will throw this away in an hour or so, when we get out of the pass." And he went whistling back to his job.

A rider approached over the hard crust of snow stretching toward the west. He was a forest ranger and a fine specimen of those superb police of the woods, to whose brave service, man and the wilderness owe so much.

That call comes only to the worthy, for the life is hard and the pay poor. However, nature gives recompense and these sturdy young fellows, with their bright eyes, tanned faces and strong arms are worthy servants of so great a queen. Their sign is poetry; an arrow, formed by a pine tree lying on the ground.

It was three o'clock. The Pagosa army arrived at its final stand, the last big drift,

a formidable array of forty men, two horses and a truck. Behind these workers waited a Ford, battered and lowly, and several other cars. Our small division finished its last barrier and we drove through. Then, the Del Nortians, like visiting generals, went over to observe the tactics of their allies. We and the Dodge gentlemen made ready for the last triumphal dash. There was thrill in the air.

An intrepid veteran from the western front, scaled the white enemy walls, deposited the fatal powder in a dozen holes, returned to the charge with argument and a lighted fuse and made a nimble getaway.

Then—nothing happened—at least, hardly anything. The unstained purity of snow was desecrated by a rain of soot, but there was no thunder in the report nor did a chasm open before us as we had expected. The fortress looked disreputable but impregnable as ever.

A long council of war ensued between the forces of east and west. Four o'clock; fifty odd men on top of the world, two horses, a truck, four hours of daylight, one drift.

There was nothing military about the conference. Those not seated reclined on a sun warmed patch beyond the snow. Plainly, the heat of battle sadly chilled, these warriors had laid down their arms.

At four fifteen, the ranger, herald of portentous news, emerged from these recumbent forms. "The powder has given out," he cried, "Pagosa is going home." Pause, query—"No, they won't come back."

It did seem surrender. Of course, all were tired. Shovelling snow is hard labor. But our three though wearier, doubtless, than these hardened folk of the outdoors, were eager to continue and get through. If that spirit had animated the fifty, we would, most assuredly, have gone through before dark. However, we received the intelligence with shouts of mirth.

The team went down the western slope, the Ford faded away and its companion cars were seen no more. Still, Pagosa and Del Norte bivouaced together, discussing news from their respective fronts, where home fires were starting to burn for supper.

Not in good order, but decisively, Pagosa withdrew first from that dirty little victor alp.

As Del Norte's delegation advanced toward us, Lansing calculated that these and our willing three might, by heroic effort, take the lone citadel by nightfall.

But for Del Norte too, the war was over. They

"Evergreen forests rose from the snow on every side of us in black processions."





"That afternoon the last desperate inch surrendered."

stacked their government-owned weapons on the road beside us, saying farewell until another June. "The sun will melt this out in a week or so," they called out cheerfully. "Better come on back and wait." But we never thought of retreat and the Dodge gentlemen, with a groan at mention of further sojourn in Del Norte, decided to follow our forlorn hope. However, they could not join in our hysterical merriment over a situation that was not exactly pretty.

No; it was magnificent. We were in a long, oval amphitheatre, The Alberta Meadows. Evergreen forests rose from the snow on every side, in black processions, veiled with shadows of afternoon and mounted in colossal sweeps toward summits of the Continental Divide, whose peaks of gray and white were not far above us, who were also on top of the world. The air, even with the sun slanting downward, was that of most delicious spring and it echoed with exquisite melodies; water singing under the snow. We were listening to rivers in the throes of birth, here in this high and noble temple where, to look and listen was to pray.

We were not prepared for camping, though my brother always carries his tent. As for food, the geologists had an empty coffee pot and we—I took count—Heavens!—the pint thermos of two days' old coffee, five small cakes, six sandwiches!

Fortunately, the young man from Tulsa had a brilliant idea as the government help departed, knowing they must return, if only for their implements. Arrangements in regard to provender were suggested to the most opulent appearing of the group, previously noticed as the best worker, a spare old fellow, now mounting a horse that had been concealed among the trees.

"Sure," acceded this ancient one, "My wagon's full of grub. I'll fetch up bread 'n coffee 'n fried meat in the morning." Which remark was more sustaining than his final confidence.

"Kinder notice if old Baldy's around; a big brown bear with a white face, folks been tryin' to git for years. He lives 'round here somewheres. I'm coming up to hunt him pretty soon now, before I move on."

"O!" I interposed rather breathlessly. "But don't you think he is still hibernating?"

"No ma'am. I seen his tracks, up here only last week."

It seemed suddenly colder. I put on my sweater for the first time that day. After all, it could be a little frightening on top of the world.

they could keep one another warm, in the couch constructed for triple repose outside.

That clever young man from Tulsa, scooped out two basins in the tiny rivulet fluttering through strata of brown and white; the first for drink, the second for ablutions. A huge pile of wood was made ready and a fire kindled and blazed. We were at home.

Feeding on real adventure and utterly without mundane appetite, it is not to my credit that five and a half sandwiches were doled out to the unsuspecting from the box on my knee. Our coffee and a cake apiece were put aside for breakfast.

"Please, somebody, eat the fifth one now," I implored, but all announced a happy state of repletion. There was consolation in plenty of cigarettes and we were a laughing company around the flames.

But the chill grew, in spite of that crimson warmth and with the fading of hidden sunset glow, the scene took on an aloof austerity in the mournful veils of dusk. Humanity seemed a presumptuous intruder on this remote grim majesty. I thought of the long inquisition of winter here, with those white cowed heights looking down on the torture, in this arena, of eight pallid months with storm and cold. Each moment would be more terrible till the moon brought solace and Jupiter, Arcturus, Vega and their myriad fellows would twinkle out, friendly eyed. I waited, impatiently, for succor from the night.

Suddenly, great weariness possessed me and the little brown tent seemed a haven of unutterable peace. I did not wait to see if Venus could climb far enough to peep over the western hills.

I retired by taking off my boots, putting on my outermost coat and subsiding into Lansing's blankets on my fragrant if knobby bed. Not even old Baldy could have disturbed me then. Later, the arms of mother earth were obviously uncomfortable and my head sloped off at an alarming angle till I made a pillow of my boots. When zero hushed the voice of our baby brook, how willingly I would have exchanged my conventional privacy for the middle sleeper's place!

I had clung to my little bag of toilet accessories and turned out next morning, looking fairly civilized, to cheery fire and repartee. Everybody reported a good night. I wonder?

But it was a good morning, surely, dressed in radiant
(Continued on page 250)

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



A Doe, a Musky and Eight Wild Bass

By WILLIAM T. DE WOLFE
Angling Editor Toledo News Bee, Toledo, O.

HUNTING with the camera of the mind for angling memories, we press the button thrice, and the developed films are good, the prints showing in the foreground:

A 13½ pound muskellunge caught in a "musky-less" lake; an unstartled doe dining on the sandy beach of an inland lake; a group picture of eight smallmouths caught one early morning in Brevort Lake, Michigan.

But, brothers of the angle, if you will look at these pictures closely, you will find a wealth of detail without which not one of them would be worth its frame in the gallery of memories.

It is in the background, the true love of the woods and the streams and the wild folk, finny, furry and feathery, that live in them, that make these pictures indelible in the mind. The sun, the moon, the apparently twinkling stars, the south wind that blows, the storm that rolls so majestically over the lake, the sigh of the pines, the laugh of the brook waters that dance and prance and gabble on their way to the sea, are what make the charm of the pictures that live forever in the minds of us who love the outdoors and its people.

Show this "musky" picture to some men and they will say, "Uh-huh, it's a fish." Show them the picture of the doe, and they'll say: "Yes, it's a deer. I saw one once in a zoo." Show him the picture of eight black bass, each one a warrior in his element, and they'll say: "More fish." You see, the trouble is, they don't put God in their pictures. And, depend upon it, God is in every one of the angling pictures real fishermen cherish in their memories. He is responsible for the Big Back-ground.

Now, a 13½ pound muskellunge, as to weight, is nothing to brag about. But if one meets an elephant as one is about to enter an elevator in the Masonic Temple, or if he sees a wild passenger pigeon alighting on the family Christmas tree,—why, the unusualness of it is going to make some impression. And our "musky" came from a "musky-less" lake, West Twin, 35 miles east of Grayling, that town made famous by the AuSable River, where



"It was a doe, sleek and beautiful and completely unafraid."

but no rain falling. The water, under that influence, had changed to a yellowish green. In Heller's Cove it was deep. Natives called the spot the "Step Off." In some age-old cataclysm of Nature the earth had sunk, leaving a pit deeper than the surrounding country, and later the whole had filled with water. We had just two live minnows left. Too large for perch, we thought. But as anglers will in emergency, we hooked one through the lips and let it go. In hardly two minutes the tip of the pole began to move down. Not with a rush, but slowly—the way a freight train pulls out. We set the hook. Then—whish, whish, whush, whush, from one end of the arc of a circle to the other, away, deep down, the line cut the waves. Five, ten minutes of this—and we couldn't drag whatever it was to the surface. Another five minutes and he began to rise. Not once did we allow a slack in the line. The pressure was continuous. Finally, we got a flash of him—pike or musky we couldn't tell then, but we knew he wasn't a bass—nor a perch! His broad tail slowly fanned the waves.

We knew there wasn't a chance of boating this fellow by "horsing" him in. We were about 80 feet from

(Continued on page 252)

the trout grow big and lusty.

A "dry gale" whipped Heller's Cove on West Twin into a fury. Winds rise suddenly there, and catch the angler unawares. We had drifted leisurely down the west side of the lake thinking to stop in the Cove and pick up some perch for supper. We had rigged up a pulley on the end of our boat, the wheel being made of the spool of the Kingfisher line we used. The anchor rope ran into a housing and over this pulley so that we could lift the anchor easily from our fishing seat. We were using an old cane pole that someone had abandoned. We had picked it up cast out on the beach. We had wrapped it in two places with tire tape, where it was cracked. The line was good. The hook was a little one, on a gut that we commonly used for perch. The waves were high, and the sky was overcast, with clouds coming up,



The Kennel Department

Conducted by OZARK RIPLEY

All questions concerning the care, training and conditioning of sporting dogs will be promptly answered by Ozark Ripley, who for years was a professional trainer of field trial and shooting dogs. During his last years in the capacity of handler of bird dogs of all kinds, he had entire charge of the string of the late Hon. Norman J. Colman, Ex. Secty. of Agrl.

Training Poise

THE highest class prospects usually require greater intelligent effort for their development than dogs of inferior breeding, and necessarily demand certain essentials in their handlers—whether amateurs or professionals—which cannot be overlooked. The dub resulting among high class prospects is invariably the result of a lack of poise and experience, on the part of the person to whom his education is entrusted, as well as the custom of many who fail to regard the well bred bird dog as a thinking creature with a will of his own, dominated by certain instincts, and that with each one different temperaments must be considered.

Most conspicuous is the difference between amateur and professional handlers. The first type endeavors to educate every dog according to the same plans, and usually loses the chance to accomplish anything with some, because on account of failure to develop poise in himself he regards every error on the part of his pupil as a direct insult and reason for uncontrolled anger. In other words when things do not go just as he expects he loses his temper and also loses the opportunity to make progress with the classy dog. On the other hand the professional has developed poise, and no matter how raggedly the young dog behaves he is never thrown off into periods of choler, but really expects such things to happen and would be very disappointed if they did not occur!

The amateur can train any dog as well as a professional, provided he learns first to train himself. This last part is by no means a small accomplishment. Further he must positively know what a high class dog really is, and

adapt the training routine to each particular individual. As verification of this glance over the records of the great dogs of the present and past. There we see in each not only the dog's personality expressed in his work but most conspicuous the brimming personality of the man who handled him. Preceding the work of developing a champion is first the mature judgment

that he is really a great prospect, and then directing all the trainer's energies to bring out in the dog a perfect bidable creature, yet one with tremendous dash, style, bird finding ability, which never could have been accomplished unless the animal were permitted to learn certain problems himself and given liberties for full development, so that in no manner during the training process were any of his natural gifts cramped. And, after

all, it requires nothing more than perfect poise to educate a gifted creature and bring out the utmost in him.

The first time a handler permits personal feelings to enter into his work he starts making an ordinary dog out of a high class one; for the secret of success with the fast modern strains of pointers and setters of the present day is to have as the guiding object everything for the dog, even to the subduing of each iota of temperament for the moment on the part of the master.

This is the only way one can develop an intelligent, thinking bird-wise dog, instead of an automaton that depends for success entirely on the directions of the master.

Modern pointers and setters are the development of thoughtful and foolish breeding. Some bred wisely, and others bred without due considera-



*Glenn Faught's Queen on a covey point close to cover (Game birds—quails)
Property of Glenn Faught, Eaton, Ill. for photo contest.*



Fellows thoroughbred pointer Kennels, Springfield, Mo

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



tion to the matter. The trend of some toward the bench show type was very unwise, because it eliminated many times great bird finding blood and favored some creature of poor field ability but with beautiful conformation. Another false move was made when some



Steadying wide gore (Photo by Dr. Ferdinand Brown).

let their love for speed and range vault over the boundaries of perfect bird work and bird sense. In other words quite few of the modern breeders bred for champions from animals that had only surpassing dash, range and style to recommend them. They ignored bird work in their efforts to bring this about. Soon, however, field trial judges began to demand in every instance a higher type in bird work and gradually the craze for speed simmered down into maintaining speed, but not at the cost of the destiny of setters and pointers, which is to find birds and point them. Nevertheless, in bringing the present standard of field dogs from the vogues of the past decade both inbreeding and specific line breeding was pursued, which terminated in the dog of today with his intense nervous organization and the development first of his hunting instinct in many cases before really the pointing instinct puts in an appearance. Whereupon it is easy to see how necessary it is for the handler to realize all these things, and on account of the difference in temperament in each dog, he should make poise his first and last motto in order that he will not give preference to a precocious early developing individual over a slow comer whose only need is time and opportunity to disclose his inherent greatness.

We have two classes of field dogs which are used in shooting on the American continent—close rangers and wide rangers. The different kinds of shooting countries bring about the call for each separate class. The best ruffed grouse shooting is in country where the fields usually are small and plenty of thickets adjacent. There are also good quail grounds that are very similar in topography. For these places a close ranging, very bidable dog is necessary. In a manner he works entirely under the direction of the master.

The great quail and prairie chicken countries have called for a higher class dog. The fields are large and the thickets not always frequent. The plentitude of quails in the Southern areas and also in many of the prairie sections calls for the greatest development in a bird dog, and most of all, that his work be left to his own intelligence. So far as tractability is concerned it is an essential, but the opportunities for display of thinking and other necessary qualities ever must be those of the gifted animal and not of the master. No high class quail dog should depend, until put in cover, on the handler to direct him to the most likely place to find birds. Instinctively he should know; any other de-

portment would relegate him to the cover dog class, as well as the slightest hesitancy about where to hunt. Furthermore, he must have the ability to wind great distances and learn to detect instantly the difference between body and footscent. If the classy quail dog fools with footscent, he is considered of very little consequence, though it is a matter which is not considered much of a fault in slow going, close ranging, cover shooting dogs. Moreover, a dog that hunts fast in the open by body scent with his wind is not inclined to false point, like a footscener, nor, contrary to the opinion of beginners, overrun or flush birds, as often as the slow dog.

Why the fast body scenting dog that hunts entirely in the wind does not flush birds so frequently nor experience as much difficulty in getting them to lay to point as the slow going trailer, can be best understood from the fact that he has the birds long in his mental grasp before the footscener knows exactly where they are, though often he does not give indications of it until suddenly he begins to wheel into a spectacular high-headed point. Birds instinctively run ahead of a footscener because their natal cautiousness apprise them that an enemy is following, and oftentimes they will not lay to point if the cover is at all sparse. But the body scenter comes up on them so fast that he is on them before they know it, and though the cover is very light, they follow their first impulse to crouch. This is the whole explanation of what often appears as a mystery to the novice, a feat surpassing, of a fast dog coming with a rush on birds as though he had not the least idea that they were within miles of him and pointing them staunchly on the instant. The facts were he had the bird location up in his sleeve a long time and the quicker he could get to them the better he thought he was and proved it by his act, by making them lay in



Backing a perfect body scent point, (Photo by Dr. Ferdinand Brown).

such insignificant amount of cover, that had a slow, footscenting dog been on the trail they would have continued to run for a time until they found cover or flushed when he came within close range.

I repeat that the characteristics of the fast, high-strung dog are those which demand the utmost poise on the part of trainers. They have to subdue any personal feeling existing to give opportunities for the best development of the dog.

If poise is absent in an amateur handler his lot is one of trouble and inefficiency. Furthermore, he must possess wonderful patience; this will be his best educator in learning to distinguish real class from the supposi-

(Continued on page 254)



The Sportsmen's League

A Neglected and Undeveloped Power for Conservation

Paper read at recent annual meeting of American Fisheries Society

By FRED J. FOSTER
U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Neosha, Mo.

FISHERMEN are as a class a patient lot, otherwise they would not be followers of the "Gentle Art," for patience is one of the chief characteristics of a successful fisherman. Perhaps it is due to this abundance of patience and also to that other trait, so often found in fishermen, confidence in his fellow man, which has caused him to permit the pollution and depletion of our waters. In days gone by, had fishermen been quick to do battle for their rights we would not now be facing disaster to the life of so large a percentage of our lakes and streams.

We may thank providence, however, that patience and persistence are usually found hand in hand and that when patience ceases to be a virtue, as it most surely has in many of our fish life questions of today, we may expect a militant and persistent corrective effort on the part of this quiet and long suffering brotherhood.

Anger can seldom be condoned but righteous indignation which has for its object the betterment of conditions or the preservation of present favorable conditions is the commendable and powerful incentive which has banded men together for ages.

In union there is strength, but how slow have been the sportsmen to apply this old, old adage to the problems so near their hearts. Those of us who realized the importance of organization have neglected our duty in not devoting more time and greater energy to the furtherance of sportsmen's leagues. Only within the last year has an organization been developed whose aims, ideals and method of functioning are such as to reach and hold the sportsmen of the entire country and those interested in the preservation of our woods and waters.

The American Fisheries Society has and is filling a

most worthy and important part in the advancement of fish culture and conservation of fish life but from the general character of its organization, the infrequency of its meetings and lack of state organizations capable of immediate action when necessary, we have not been able to stem the tide of private interests, commercialism and ignorance which has swept the fish from so many of our waters and reduced the supply in even a larger number. I do not wish to give the impression that the character of our organization or the procedure of our business should be changed, as ours is an individual spoke in the wheel of conservation which must be maintained in at least its present strength and efficiency and it would not be advisable for us as a body to scatter our forces. But may we not as individuals give greater support to the local sportsmen's league in our communities, under whatsoever name it may be operating and to that national organization, The Izaak Walton League of America, which it is the writer's firm conviction, is destined to play a most important part in the preservation of America's out-of-doors.

There are few among us who do not realize the necessity for a militant national organization whose voice is capable of being heard in the national and every state capitol, backed by the influence and vote of such a vast army of sportsmen as to command immediate attention and respect.

National and state legislators and executives are, as a rule, inclined to do what is just and right as soon as they are informed that a sufficient number of persons are interested. The proposed drainage of the famous Winneshiek Bottoms of the Upper Mississippi is a glaring example of the necessity of national pressure.

Many of the states represented here today have supreme "Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Resolutions Adopted at Fifty-third Annual Meeting of the American Fisheries Society

WHEREAS, the activities of the Izaak Walton League of America, its purposes, ideals and policies have been brought so prominently before the public within the past few months, and

WHEREAS, the saving of the fish, game, forests and streams of the United States and Canada is imperative at this time, the conditions of wastefulness and indifference having become almost a crime, and their correction an emergency, and

WHEREAS, the rapid growth of the Izaak Walton League of America is almost phenomenal, spreading as the organization has to almost all the states of the Union, and

WHEREAS, the efforts of the Izaak Walton League of America are pledged to save and protect the fishes that this Society is known to foster and many of its members are engaged in producing, therefore

BE IT RESOLVED: That the American Fisheries Society endorse the work of the Izaak Walton League of America, and that it hereby pledges its support and cooperation insofar as it is able to do, believing that the Izaak Walton League of America will be a sustaining aid in the accomplishments of this Society.

WHEREAS, the maintenance of fish and other aquatic life is of first importance to the people of the country, and is essential to their welfare as a source of food supply and a means of recreation, and

WHEREAS, suitable areas for the breeding and life of the fresh-water fishes are constantly being encroached upon for the avowed purposes of commerce and agriculture by means of ill-advised and unnecessary drainage, and

WHEREAS, under present agricultural conditions, large increase in agricultural products, owing to an apparent overproduction of such products in the country, is unnecessary, and because many such drainage projects are of doubtful value as aids to agriculture, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED: That the American Fisheries Society is firmly opposed to the pending projects for dyking and drainage of the Upper Mississippi River bottom lands, including that enterprise known as the Winneshiek Project, as subversive of the best interests of the American people, inasmuch as the culmination of these projects would obliterate and destroy the greatest and most productive breeding grounds for warm fresh-water fishes on the North American Continent.

to do what is just and right as soon as they are informed that a sufficient number of persons are interested. The proposed drainage of the famous Winneshiek Bottoms of the Upper Mississippi is a glaring example of the necessity of national pressure.



rior laws for the propagation and protection of fish, but others, and I am forced to include dear old Missouri among the latter, are years behind in either protection or propagation or both; not necessarily because of fault in the initiative or administrative ability of the Fish & Game Commissioners but because there has been no concerted strength and man power behind their recommendations.

One can hardly imagine the laws of a state permitting the gigging of a 10½ pound rainbow trout from her spawning bed but prohibiting the taking of this species with an artificial fly months after the close of the spawning season, yet this is exactly the condition in Missouri today with other laws even more destructive because they adversely affect the native fish found in the majority of the waters of the state. With proper organization of the sportsmen such laws would soon be replaced and all game fish protected during the spawning season; a size limit permitting a fish to have reached maturity and to have spawned at least once before being put into the frying pan and a creel limit that would prohibit the killing of 110 bass in one day as accomplished by a certain sport (not sportsman) from Kansas City this past summer.

This in turn leads to another most important duty and privilege of the sportsmen's league, that of educating the general public and our boys and girls in particular in true sportsmanship and the necessity for conservation. Do I hear someone ask why the girls are included? If for no greater reason than that some of our sons may enjoy at least one vacation in three with a wife who is a companion in God's out-of-doors as well as at White Sulphur or some other watering place where the chief diversion is changing one's attire four times daily.

Much good can be accomplished by enlightening sportsmen on the necessity of exterminating the natural enemies of fish, such as snakes, turtles, undesirable fishes and fish eating birds and animals. The sportsman takes his toll of fish a few days a month or season but the natural enemies are present for months at a time or throughout the entire season and the damage done by them would equal the combined output of many hatcheries.

To organize a sportsmen's league or still better a

chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America is often less difficult than to maintain interest and to that end the members of the American Fisheries Society could be of much assistance. Sportsmen are eager for more knowledge as to the life history and methods of propagation of their beloved finny tribe and all the multitude of aquatic creatures that are related to them and the conditions which govern their existence. If we will but take the time to say a few words in their meetings and impart a small fraction of the knowledge we possess, be it scientific, fish cultural or commercial, we will be repaid by the thanks of the most attentive and appreciative audience one could wish and the knowledge of a service performed in a worthy cause. For our work must be done in the spirit of service and unless we can feel the pleasure and profit that others derive, our efforts are lost to us and in a measure to them.

The American Fisheries society is organized, "To promote the cause of fish culture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success and upon all matters relating to the fisheries; to unite and encourage all interests of fish culture and fisheries; and to treat all questions of a scientific and economic character regarding fish." Yet beneath these words is a hidden and greater meaning which might be expressed as follows: To pass to the coming generation a greater knowledge of matters piscatorial; to maintain the fight against commercialism and ignorance that idealism may not perish and the human race degenerate to a mass who know not God in nature.

How much clearer life is seen from the porch of the little log cabin overlooking the clear, swift waters of a stream which winds its pleasant way through wooded Ozark hills than it appeared a week before amid the strife and sham of city life!

The American Fisheries Society and the Izaak Walton League of America, in their efforts to maintain fish life in the waters of our country, are striving not alone to give recreation and health but to maintain that even balance in the hearts and minds of men so ably expressed in two lines of Edgar A. Guest's poem entitled "Out Fishin'."

"Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'—"

Some Interesting Letters

A letter recently received by Mr. George E. Scott, Chairman, National Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League of America:

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED

25 Broadway, New York, November 5, 1923

MR. GEORGE E. SCOTT, First Vice-President,
American Steel Foundries, Chicago.

Dear George:

I had an experience recently in visiting Chicago that indicates the progress of the spirit of the Izaak Walton League as effectively as anything that has come to my attention.

My time in Chicago is so limited that I usually endeavor to get some of my friends together while I am there, for a dinner at The Blackstone. On this occasion, in giving the order to the maitre d'hotel* he apologized for not being able to suggest a game course because the proprietor, Mr. Drake, was a member of the Izaak Walton League and had given strict instructions that game, in violation of law, must not be served. I told him that I also am a member of the League and that I would not purchase such game if it were for sale.

When one remembers the game dinners that were served many years ago at the leading hotels in Chicago this action on Mr. Drake's part must have been in appreciation of what has happened by the ruthless destruction of game that was formerly so plentiful in this country.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Delos W. Cooke.

The following letter is from Mr. J. B. McCready, Secretary of the Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter and Secretary of the Iowa Division to Mr. Merton S. Heiss, Executive Secretary of the Izaak Walton League:

Friend Heiss:

I presume by this time Old Bill Dilg is on his way to Denver. That old boy sure does know how to burn the wind, and I am hoping he won't burn himself out. When he returns, notify him for me that if he wants to retain my friendship, he never wants to hand me a copy of Outdoor America as he did last night at Janesville at 12 o'clock. The November issue is certainly a winner. After receiving it last night, I crawled into the hay and didn't quit until I had read Colgate's ad on the last page. Shortly afterwards, the early morning bell rang, calling me back to Fond du Lac. I might have known that I would have had time to read the magazine on the train this morning but I just couldn't quit, and if there is any other blooming outdoor magazine on the North American continent that can keep me awake all night after a strenuous day, I have never heard of it and would like to see it.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. McCready.

*Note—The maitre d'hotel is also a member of the League!



More About Our Forests

By A. R. VORYS

The first installment of this article was published in the July Issue

Deplorable facts proving that the end of our timber supply is in sight. WE MUST REFOREST.

UPON our government and our great industrial corporations, both of which are perpetuating and are vitally concerned with the supply of wood for fifty, one-hundred, and many hundreds of years to come, falls the burden of initiating forestry practices, particularly in the matter of reforestation. The length of time necessary to mature a forest crop is so great as measured in the life of a man, or even in the lives of men, as to make such projects uninviting to the individual as private enterprise, unless actuated by philanthropic, sentimental, or other special reasons not strictly economic.

The desirability of having an annual, or at least a frequent, return from an investment dictates the character which a well regulated forest property should take. Any practical arrangement that will enable the harvesting each year of an amount of ripe timber approximately equivalent to the annual growth on the entire area will furnish a satisfactory frequency and uniformity of income as well as of expenditure.

The advantages of a forest of say 7,000 acres operating on a 70 year rotation, stocked with 100 acres of trees 1 year old, 100 acres of trees 2 years old, and so on to 100 acres of trees 70 years old and ready for the axe, over a property of the same size and operated on the same rotation period, but stocked entirely with trees of one age, are many and obvious; although the net returns from such properties would be about the same over a 70-year period.

Any of several plans can be followed, or modified to suit the particular case, in the conversion of naturally well stocked forest areas (desirable species fairly proportionately represented by trees of all ages or age classes) into regulated properties yielding either annual or slightly less frequent returns. By cutting over one-tenth of the total area each year, taking an amount of ripe timber approximately equivalent to the growth on that particular tenth during the previous ten years, the demand for an annual return can be satisfied. But nature is indifferent to the desires and conveniences of man, as the forests which she grows are generally complicated with a wide variety of good and poor species



"Twice cut over, twice burned over, and twice in possession of the Government for delinquent taxes."

alike, and a disproportionate representation of ages. These and many other factors must be carefully considered in order to evolve a good working plan for putting a natural forest under productive practices. But nature's forests are adaptable to forestry practices which are calculated to produce the greatest advantage for the owner, although the immediate returns may be small.

The growing of some species to the smaller sizes for special uses, such as for pulp wood, promises sufficient profit at a not too distant time as to attract the individual to such a venture under favorable conditions and on a very conservative scale. But chiefly because of the time element, a misconception of the extensiveness of our remaining timber supplies, unfair taxes on forest property, and the newness of the idea of planting and raising timber in this country, the growing of sizable saw timber, at least on any scale sufficiently large as to be an influencing or recognizable factor, is not to be expected as yet from the individual. The viciousness of compound interest on the cost of planting and on the



"Valueless" land.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



value of the land over the long rotation period cuts heavily into the conservative and modest expectation value of the crop, without taking into account taxes, labor, and supervisory costs for protection and improvements, and the risk from insect damage and disease during the long years through which the trees must stand. It is the inclination of the private owner to realize all that he can in a comparatively short time from his forest properties in order that he may invest the proceeds in another venture which promises to come to fruition in a lesser time than a timber growing enterprise requires and one that will yield a higher return on the investment.

In both France and Germany the business of growing timber is well understood and has long been practiced. In these conservative countries forest properties are considered among the best of investments and such properties are extensively held by individuals and estates, even as financial bulwarks. But we have not arrived at the proportionately limited timber supply which these countries are enduring and which they have endured for many years. It is to be hoped that a similarly limited timber supply will not fall to our lot, to hamper our progress, although we can well draw from their experiences much that will be of great assistance in forestry practices and in utilization. The established custom in Germany of advertising a dozen or more saw logs for sale at public auction at a designated place along the woods road sheds considerable light upon the demand for timber in that country. These logs are then taken to the mill to be cut into materials not of standard lengths and sizes but to meet the specifications of the lumber buyers. While this sort of handling does not appear to us to be efficient there is a minimum of waste in materials at the cost of a greater expenditure in labor.

Even under the pressure of the great war the French did not neglect to specify that all picket lines should be so arranged that none of the horses could injure the trees. The full significance of this attitude toward their forest properties can only be understood after considering the difficulties encountered in establishing an orderly bivouac of a thousand or more men and almost as many horses in a strange woods during the darkness of night without so much as a flicker of light from a match to assist in the proceedings. Nor were such orders issued

in ignorance of field conditions. Through the long period during which France has endured a restricting supply of timber she has learned the full value of her forests and their great economic worth. So much so that even among the piles of stone that once were villages and amid the pock marked and wire entangled fields where the destructive game of war was still being carried on she would have no damage that could be prevented

come to her forests. In either France or Germany forest owners are amazed at the persistent inquiries of Americans concerning the fire hazards to the forests. They take this danger into very little account for the very good reason that forest fires there are uncommon; while we meekly accept fire damage to millions of feet of good timber annually as a matter of course, but knowing all the time that the fires are almost all carelessly man-made and avoidable.

What can reasonably be expected from our industrial corporations in the practice of forestry is more encouraging than what has been done or what is now being done. At any rate enough has been attempted and accomplished to show a trend toward greater activity and participation in the preserving of

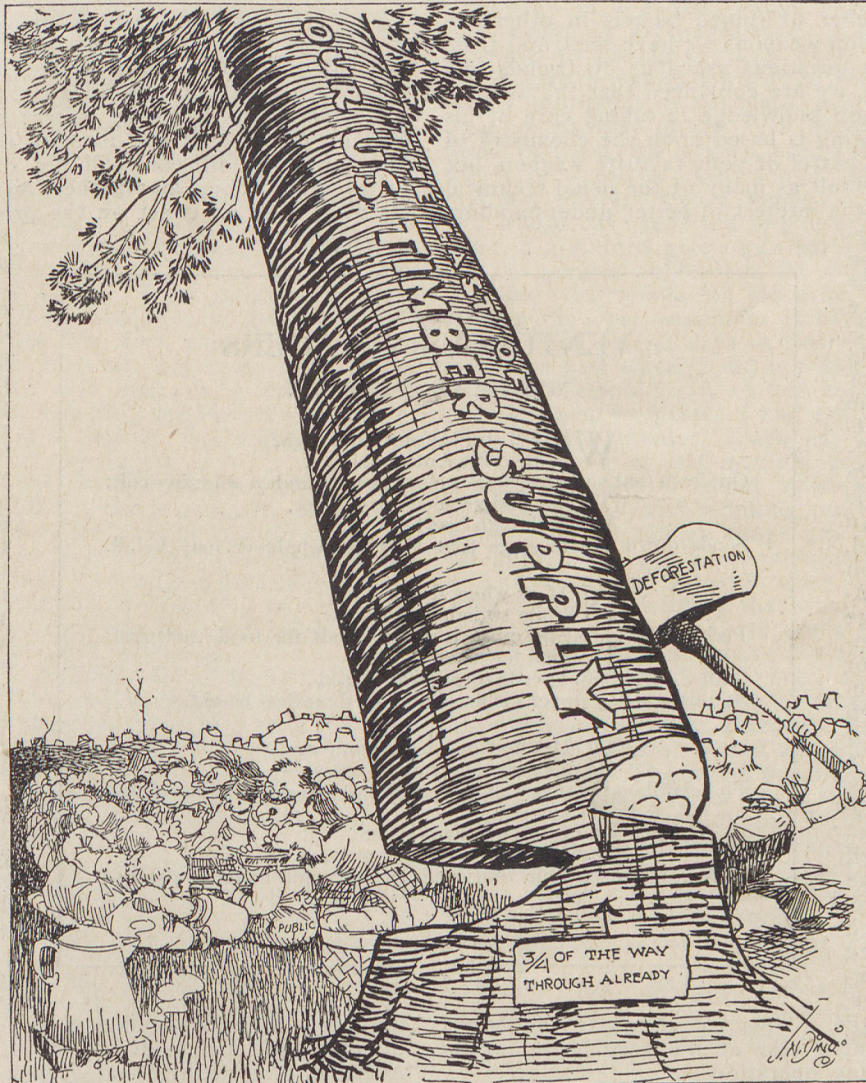
our wood supply. It is partly because of the bulkiness of wood, whether it be pulp wood or saw logs, and the greater distances of our country that economic pressure has been brought to bear upon some of our industrial corporations. For in order to meet the prices for the finished product of competitors who are located more advantageously as pertains to the supply of wood it is necessary to have an eye for the wood supply of the future, and this is a powerful factor working toward the idea of a perpetuating supply through the growing of timber.

Today pulp wood is standing transportation costs to the mill that would have been thought prohibitive and impossible even a dozen years ago. And in the majority of cases this transportation cost is necessary because the original supply of suitable wood for pulp was cut off and no effort made to perpetuate the supply by growing other trees to take the place of those that were cut and used.

If such mills as had a twenty year supply originally (and many of them had) would have planted or seeded

(Continued on page 242)

When it hits them they'll think it's a Japanese Earthquake



Reprinted by courtesy of Mr. J. N. Darling (Ding) whose cartoons on conservation subjects are attracting the attention of the nation.



Game Rifles

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR



Rifle Cleaning

By LIONEL F. PHILLIPS

FROM the number of ruined barrels in otherwise perfect condition weapons we have seen, and from the numerous questions asked us by friends and acquaintances, we are convinced that the average man has need of more knowledge in taking care of his firearms. The following is based upon the chemistry of the explosion in the barrel of your favorite weapon, but we will endeavor to omit as many of the usual technical terms as possible in the interest of better understanding.

Consider a cartridge of any kind, be it for rifle, pistol or shotgun. With the exception of an outside case, it consists of a small "cap" or primer, seated in the base of the shell itself, a charge of powder, and a projectile or projectiles. It is obvious that when the cartridge is fired, neither the weapon nor the outside container of the cartridge are changed chemically. The rifle or shotgun barrel remains the same, even after thousands of shots, except for a very slight abrasion of the steel due to the friction of the projectile passing through the barrel. The case of the cartridge is likewise unchanged and may often be used repeatedly as a container for the primer, powder and projectile. Thus we eliminate the barrel and the brass or paper case at the very beginning as factors in the cleaning operation.

We affirm, without qualification, that the least suspected of the remaining trio of primer, powder and projectile is the cause of the majority of ruined barrels. We have trade-marked solutions on the market for the removal of powder residue; we have mechanical and chemical cleaners for the removal of lead marks, metal fouling and whatnot; but the action of that tiny primer at the base of the cartridge is totally ignored. It is because of this that cleaning operations are so difficult and apparently ineffectual.

Years ago, in the days of black powder, the priming compound generally used was Mercuric Fulminate, which tended to form a non-corrosive compound with the black powder residue from explosions. Then appeared the modern series of smokeless powders requiring a hotter flame to make use of their full explosive effect. As a result, the Fulminate primer was abandoned and the "Non-Mercuric" primer of Potassium Chlorate adopted in its place. Unfortunately, when Potassium Chlorate is ignited or exploded by the shock of the falling hammer, it breaks up into two distinct chemical groups, one being the gas Oxygen, the other a solid compound Potassium Chloride. The Oxygen is driven out of the barrel, while the Potassium Chloride remains as a fine dry powder.

Now the chemical group of compounds to which Potassium Chlorate belongs have a unique power of absorbing moisture from the air, in some cases even "dissolving in their own juice." Secondly, they are not dissolved easily except by water; common table salt or Sodium Chloride is one member of the group and you all know that oil, etc., will not dissolve salt, but that water will. Thus all of the "nitro solvents" used in cleaning have no effect on the primer residue, more or

less driven into the pores of the steel; it remains in the barrel even after the barrel is apparently bright and shining. Upon exposure to air it gradually absorbs moisture with the same effect salt water would have in the gun barrel. If you doubt this, just draw the bullet out of a cartridge, pour out the powder and fire the shell in your favorite weapon. The next day look at the ruin of a perfectly good barrel, all caused by an insignificant little "cap."

The perfect smokeless powder should be converted entirely into gas, but unfortunately this doesn't happen. Some of the flakes do not burn completely, and are plated on the barrel to some extent. Since

the basis of most smokeless is nitrated cotton which dissolves in such solvents as Ether, Amyl Acetate, Acetone, etc., the removal of powder residue offers no difficulties. Any of the above solvents will do the trick.

The third factor is a little more difficult to combat. In case the projectile is either a lead bullet or a charge of shot, some of the metal is sure to be plated in the bore of the weapon. In most cases a wire scratch brush should remove it, but in a few cases the lead sticks "closer than a brother." The ideal method of removal is to plug the barrel at one end and fill the bore with Mercury (the "Quicksilver" of commerce). Mercury being expensive in the quantity needed for such operation, the next best thing is a salve obtained at any drug store known as "Grey Mercury Ointment." This is made by mixing chalk and metallic mercury together until the Mercury is absorbed by the chalk, and then forming a salve with fat. A thin coating of this ointment left in the barrel will soften the lead and at the end of a day or so the salve and lead will wipe out easily, leaving the barrel bright and free from "leading."

With metal cased bullets, an invisible metal plating is always left in the barrel, and in combination with the steel of the barrel and the primer residue, forms a miniature electric cell. Thus under every flake of metal fouling will eventually form a pit or bit of erosion. The solution is to dissolve out the metal fouling after each

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

VENTUROUS VOYAGERS

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

WHILE still the sun rides high,
In the blue Autumnal sky,
Out from that vastness, measureless, there sounds a wild, free call;
'Tis the wild geese clanging over,
And each high-hearted rover
Sends down the message that they go, whatever may befall.

NOT as when, flying slow,
While twilight falls below,
Perhaps beside some quiet lake they halt for food and rest;
Too high for human sight
Now speeds their arrow flight,
Against the icy upper air firm-set each dauntless breast.

WHO that has heard can forget?
The memory haunts me yet—
The childhood memory of that sound, come down from infinite space!
Hail to each gallant rover!
Oh, wild geese, clanging over,
May you win to your venturesome voyage's end in its appointed place!



use of the rifle. Many chemicals will do this, but almost all of them will also attack the steel of the weapon at the same time. The easiest solution to use is Winchester "Crystal Cleaner," and we can heartily recommend it. In the service we used the Government Metal Fouling Solution, formed of 28% Ammonia, Ammonium Persulfate and Ammonium Carbonate. This must be made up fresh each time, is likely to rust the weapon in the hands of a careless user, and, to our minds, is no more efficient than the more easily handled Crystal Cleaner. A third solution is one that the writer offered to the War Department while in the service, and consists of a mixture of ordinary Peroxide of Hydrogen and 28% ammonia. The Government reports show that it will not harm steel but that it works slowly, requiring six or eight hours to thoroughly remove all the fouling. In case of emergency it can be used, for the components can be obtained at almost any cross-roads store.

In view of the above, the following methods of cleaning are recommended as being thoroughly successful from actual experience—.22 CAL. RIFLES AND PISTOLS, ETC.: Brush out all residue visible in the barrel with cloth or brush. Then pump hot water through the barrel, from the breech, using a fairly tight cloth patch. Dry the bore thoroughly with at least four dry patches, then oil or grease. Such cleaning, if done carefully, will make a second cleaning unnecessary. If barrel is leaded, use the Grey Ointment after cleaning, allow it to remain over night, wipe out carefully, and then oil thoroughly.

ALL WEAPONS USING LEAD BULLETS AND SMOKELESS POWDER: Same as above, except that in addition to the "water cure," use two or three patches soaked in Acetone or "Banana Oil" (obtained at any drug store or paint shop). Acetone is especially recommended, as it has a tendency of absorbing any moisture left in the bore by careless drying after using water. If barrel is leaded, use "Grey Ointment."

H. P. WEAPONS USING METAL JACKETED BULLETS: Brush out visible residue. Then run a rag or two soaked in Acetone through barrel. Follow by two or three rags soaked in Crystal Cleaner. Dry thoroughly with at least three dry patches, and oil carefully. (In this case, the primer residue is removed by the "Crystal Cleaner," which contains water enough for dissolving the residue.)

One final paragraph: The cheapest and most efficient oil we know of is made by dissolving heavy automobile engine oil in a suitable solvent such as Banana Oil, Benzine, etc. We use "Mobile B" dissolved in Banana Oil, making it thin enough to pour easily. The Banana Oil evaporates, leaving a thin coating of heavy oil over the surface of the steel. This is cheaper and more efficient than the "Gun Greases" on the market, and still

cheaper than the little cans of the same thing you buy from the gun shop. Any GOOD engine oil is O. K., the only requirement being that it is free from the acid sometimes used in refining it, and found in some cheap oils.

The Super-X Gauge— By Albert P. Smith

Somewhat over a year ago I promised you that I would try out the new Super-X shell of the Western Cartridge Company in a sixteen gauge gun, and report to you the results of my experience. Having experienced an accident in having my gun burst at the breech while using high pressure powder the year before, I was naturally interested in the claim made for Super-X loads that on account of the slow burning cellulose powder used in them, the breech pressure was reduced. The claim of a fifteen yards longer range made for them did not interest me so much.

I would have reported to you my experience with the load in a sixteen gauge gun earlier, except for the fact that a sprained ankle upon the second day of my shooting last year prevented me from completing my trial during the open season in Indiana. Later, I used the shells upon several days in Georgia on quail.

In the first place, I did not find any excessive recoil from this ammunition, as had been rumored and commented upon by people I had heard discuss the matter. Not being a chemist, I will have to take for granted the statement of the manufacturer as to the reduced breech pressure. I found, however, that the claim of a fifteen yards further killing power was well founded. I have used a twelve gauge gun for thirty-four years on quail, but I got as good results, if not better, from a sixteen, using Super-X, than I had ever obtained with a twelve, shooting the usual factory loads.

My first shot with these shells was at a bird which rose a good distance away. By the time I could cover it, this quail would have been a doubtful shot for a twelve gauge, but I made a clean kill. Repeatedly, I attempted shots which, except for the trial I was making, I would not have attempted, and was pleasantly surprised at the results. The gun I was shooting had a right barrel of modified cylinder bore, and a left barrel of the conventional modified choke. I patterned the right barrel at thirty-five yards with a Super-X shell and also with a standard smokeless load of another brand. I did not count the shot in the pattern, but the Super-X was perceptibly closer, and the spread more evenly distributed. This fall I have tried the load at the trap with the same results.

While I am making no claims to be an expert, I can say that in my shooting, the load has been remarkably satisfactory, and that I intend to use it exclusively.

QUESTIONNAIRES

A Hunting .22

Q. I write to inquire as to which rifle you would give preference for small game, in the .22 caliber, a Winchester Repeater .22 long rifle, Model 1890, length barrel 24"; a Remington Automatic .22 long rifle, Model 24; or Savage Sporter repeater, bolt action? There is not a wide range in the prices of these guns. Personally, I am inclined some little in favor of the old fashioned Winchester, for the reason, perhaps, that I used one of these rifles when a boy. However, I do not want old time prejudice to interfere with something more up to date if it would be more useful to me.

Also, please advise as to what, in your opinion, would be the best "game" sights.

A. Your decision between the three rifles mentioned should be determined largely by your preference in the action. All three are excellent arms. However, the Winchester has not been improved for over thirty years, and the sights never were good for woods hunting where the shooting was in shadows or bad light. Moreover, I never cared for the trombone action. While it does not

affect the accuracy so much in a .22 caliber rifle as in the larger calibers of heavier recoil, I doubt if it is possible to hold the rifle as well as a rigid frame.

The Savage Sporter is very good for a bolt action rifle in case you prefer that type, and while the sights are far from satisfactory for hunting purposes, they are much to be preferred over the sights of any other bolt action .22 now made commercially. The greatest weakness about this rifle lies in the cocking mechanism. After a few thousand rounds have been fired, it frequently becomes unsafe for the reason that it will not remain cocked, even with the safety on.

The Remington Model 24 is the last word in hunting .22's, unless you are prejudiced against an automatic. The objections that are so patent to an automatic shotgun do not apply to an automatic rifle, for an autoloading rifle often prevents the escape of crippled game. I have tried out the Model 24, chambered for both the long rifle and the short. Personally, I greatly prefer the short for all small game hunting. However, it is not heavy enough for foxes, raccoon, woodchuck, and the

(Continued on page 240)

The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00



Senator McCormick Undertakes Giga

THE following speech was made by Senator McCormick at a banquet on November 5th given by the Chicago Chapter of the League which was the largest gathering of sportsmen ever held in the United States.

MR. TOASTMASTER, fellow sportsmen, men and women members of the Izaak Walton League:

There are men who are born to greatness, there are those who achieve greatness and there are those who have greatness thrust upon them. There was a time early in the summer when, after the long sessions of the War Congress and of the Reconstruction Congress, I thought to find peace on the banks of the Rock River and those cliffs, and among those trees where the last wild deer in Illinois find their refuge. But I had not reckoned with the President of the Izaak Walton League, indomitable as conquering armies, pertinacious as any consuming capitalist, ineluctable as fate itself! First by letter, then by telegram, then by telephone, again and yet again, and finally by his intrusive and obtrusive and insistent presence he decided me and for me that I should introduce in Congress the bill which under God's providence and with your help will become a law and which by one of those strange twists of fate will go down through all history as the McCormick law—whereas it was the Dilg act.

But that is not all. You may not believe me but the President of the Izaak Walton League is a democrat. I protested that if I were to introduce the bill and under his guidance to compass its passage, someone other than I must draw the bill. He chose as the draftsman a one time Tennessean, a one time Secretary of War—an other democrat—Judge Dickinson!

It seems to be my fate to sponsor nonpartisan measures.

I have just returned from a journey along the waterway of the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers, as chairman of a committee of which both the most alert and the most voluble members were democrats. One of these was good enough to say that if Illinois were to go democratic he hoped that we Republicans would not be extirpated but that some seed stock might be left and that therefore he hoped that I would be saved while the others were lost!

Until Dr. Stewart had begun to speak I thought I was the orator of the evening. It is rather discomfiting when a man, and especially a clergyman, speaking at such a banquet as this, chooses the topic which you have chosen, and says all you have had in mind to say, and says it better than you could say it yourself; and more discomfiting still when he brings to life old haunting memories which crowd from the mind other things you might have said again, despite the fact that he has said them. He has recalled to my memory my school days in England

when I was puzzled to understand how in that old country, boys going for their holidays went to near-by streams to fish, went with their fathers to near-by coverts to shoot, set out upon short journeys to stalk the deer in the very highlands which Dr. Stewart visited last summer.

It was on that front where like a man among men Dr. Stewart did his duty that I met the young MacDonald, son of the Lord of the Isles. He traveled with me through the long hours and over the heavy mud under the shell fire. He vowed that at the end of the

war, after he had returned to the Isles, he was going to set out upon a long journey to the great west in America to see the outdoors which we would have lost but for the interposition of the greatest American of our time. The MacDonald went upon a long journey, longer than that which he had promised himself, to find happiness I hope in the paradise of which he dreamed and which has been so eloquently described by the true sportsman who has spoken.

* * *

There is a certain persistence of the fundamental qualities of the race, good as well as bad, else it would not have been possible for even so determined a body of men, so public spirited a group of men and women as those who first organized this League to multiply its number in the astounding fashion recorded here this evening.

"Halt!" Emerson Hough cried, and we answered, "Halt." We understand, as twenty years ago the men and women of this country understood, that there is a

difference between cultivation and exploitation, that it is not necessary to destroy the forests, to pollute the streams, to reduce agriculture to manufacturing drudgery upon the countryside in order to double the resources of the United States. That which has been done to the injury of the country for the most part has been done without malice but without forethought or foresight.

Those who have cut off the timber and have failed to reforest the land which could not be brought under the plow, those who have polluted the streams, those who have embarked upon great projects of unscientific and unwise drainage have not done so intending to diminish the resources of the country or to destroy that part of our precious heritage which can be conserved without diminution of the material resources of the continent.

It was only upon this last journey which I took that the engineers pointed out to us a point on the Illinois River where those who had built levees—some even without consulting engineers—had so constricted the

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Senator Medill McCormick who says—"I shall introduce in congress the bill which under God's providence and with the League's help will become a law."



igantic Conservation Task for League

SENATOR McCORMICK will present to congress the League's project for a 300 mile national preserve in the Mississippi valley which means billions of black bass for the streams and lakes of America.

passage of the stream, had so impounded the waters that in time they had wrought the ruin of the very land which they had sought to reclaim.

I said a few moments ago that the bill committed to my keeping was destined to become law because there are more Americans today who know how precious is that which may be lost, than there were in America who valued their inheritance at the time when Theodore Roosevelt sounded the alarm twenty years ago. If, in spite of the organized opposition to conservation, it was possible then to conserve the forest empires of the west, teeming with game, their streams alive with mountain trout, it is all the more possible today to do that which we have set out to do.

No, more than that, if the danger then was great enough to arouse the conscience and intelligence of the country, it is greater today. It will be easier to arouse the intelligence and conscience of America today, and preserve for future generations vast areas in the unsettled west than it was then.

The menace to wild life and natural spawning beds is, in immense areas, as great as the menace to agriculture. The bill which I shall sponsor on behalf of the Izaak Walton League proposes the conservation by the Federal Government of 300 miles of river land between Lake Pepin in Minnesota, and Rock Island in Illinois. We are called upon to act and to act without delay, to preserve not for ourselves, but, as your chairman has pointed out to me, for the generations after us, the last great preserve in the valley of the Mississippi.

I frankly confess that I had no concept of the havoc which has been wrought, nor the immensity of the danger to the spawning beds and the wild lands of the upper Mississippi, nor any realization of the number of the men who had rallied under your president for their preservation.

If what we purpose to do for the conservation of a million acres between Lake Pepin and Rock Island be good to do, then why should we abandon the Horicon Marshes? If they be precious to save and if it be urgent to invoke the powers of the national government to carry out our purpose, why should the state governments and private colleges neglect that which we insist that the national government should preserve?

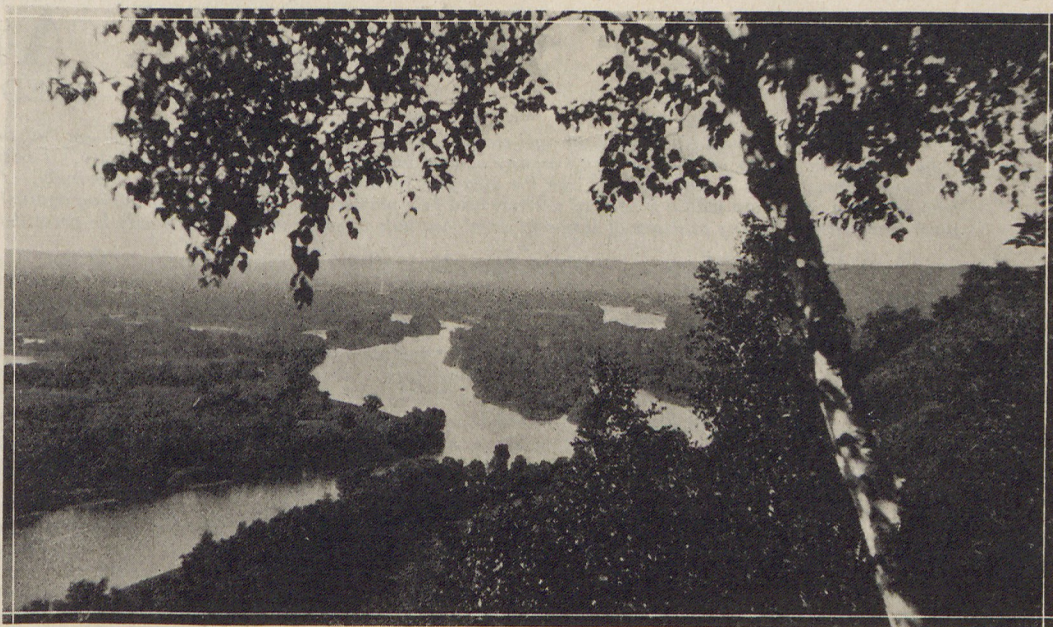
Chance, mere chance, has preserved the wild deer of northern Illinois. Chance first, and the public spirit of the present owner of the last pine forest

in northern Illinois has preserved it until our time. I can remember as far back as when I first sat in the General Assembly of the state of Illinois, that a measure was introduced to convert that fine pine forest into a public park, to preserve for the generations to come those towering trees under whose dark limbs you may stand now and peer up toward the sun rays struggling to break through them.

You and other members of the League and still others who are to join it have taken upon yourselves a grave responsibility. You have made yourselves, after a fashion, trustees for the American people to carry out a purpose not yet expressed in law and which can never be wholly carried out by law alone, whether the law of the nation or of the states, or both. You can succeed only in the measure in which you instill in the hearts, not only of those of our time but of those of our children, the love for God's Outdoors, for God's own country.

How often do we dream of the time when again we may take the long trail! How often do we dream of the daybreak, when we sought to bring life to the cold embers of the camp fire, while some ran shivering down to the brook and others went out to find the hobbled horses and others still perhaps again to make ready the pack saddles against the hour when at last breakfast was over, the pack train should start out again! Shall we again look ahead to see where the trail winds its way up the sheer mountain and over the divide? There is nothing like it in life. There are other riches which men pursue, and rightly so, riches material and cultural, but if men have found their pleasures only in the great cities or the settled quiet country side, they have lost

(Continued on page 241)



Nowhere on this earth are there such natural feeding grounds for duck, brant and geese, and from this section during the low water season millions upon millions of baby bass are annually saved—if this region were made into a National Preserve the Federal Government could annually supply billions of six inch baby black bass to stock our lakes and streams everywhere.

The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00



Everett E. Lowry, nationally famed cartoonist, protests against Illinois having no law prohibiting fishing at dams.



LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

From the Cloverdale, Ill., Bee.

A half holiday was suddenly declared by our leading merchants and business men last Wednesday when Joe White, our popular miller, reported having seen a bass jump down at the dam. Either Joe was mistaken, however, or the wily creature became alarmed by the sudden clatter of poles and tackle, for the art of our best piscators failed to get a rise. Cheer up, boys. Remember there is no law in Illinois against fishing at the dam and sooner or later someone is bound to snare the prize.

A Plea for Our Wild Animals

By EDWARD C. BRECK

"I am not a sentimentalist. I am not an anti-vivisectionist or a vegetarian. I do not believe that war can be abolished. I have no objection to the deadfall trap or any other contrivance which will kill instantly. I have no objection to the wearing of fur, though I admit I don't like the idea just yet or until all fur is caught humanely. I simply cannot see how any man or woman with a feeling of decency and fair play can, without doing something against it, allow the present mass martyrdom of many millions of innocent dumb animals to go on when it can easily be prevented." EDWARD C. BRECK

Reprint from the N. Y. Sun.

A MASS martyrdom of some 20,000,000 dumb animals every year in North America alone is going on without protest right under the eyes of the public, and more than 6,000,000 steel traps, which inflict agonizing tortures on animals without killing them outright, are annually sold, according to Commander Edward Breck, former official naval historian, big game hunter and author of many books on nature studies.

Commander Breck made this statement at the recent American World Humane Conference in New York. In an address on the cruelty of trapping he, as an expert professional trapper among his other vocations, pleaded earnestly for a trap which would kill wild animals outright.

"Furs are by no means a necessity,

except possibly in the Far North," he said: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are worn from choice and fashion. It is not at all difficult to imagine the horrors of the torturing steel trap—horrors which make the heart stand still.

"Totally needless, then, is the mass martyrdom of some fifteen to twenty million of dumb animals every year in North America alone still going on right under our eyes, if we but open them. And bearing in mind this needlessness of furs and of the use of the steel trap, since there are good traps which kill at once, I consider the legal use of the steel trap as the most terrible scandal in history, not excluding the World War and the Spanish Inquisition. Those things came to an end. This thing is as rampant today as it ever was, and more so.

"Often the miserable victims are eaten alive by other beasts. Sometimes they gnaw their own limbs off in an effort to get free, are frozen to death, or in a large majority of cases die in the throes of torture. I have used these steel traps and I assert, with no desire to exaggerate, that very nearly half of the animals found in the traps have died a lingering death of torture. What shall we do? My own idea is to carry on an intensive campaign of education; to get all the societies of our kind together and concentrate on this one thing; and especially to get the Legislatures of all the State and Canadian Provinces, as well as Congress itself, to pass a blanket law against the use in any way of any trap which does not kill instantly. Such traps are to be had, so there is no excuse for not using them.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



My Last Talk with Emerson Hough

By THE EDITOR

I KNEW him for thirty years. He was the greatest American I have ever known. He was a great writer but he was a greater American than he was a writer. Recently, in an interview with George Horace Lorimer, Editor of "The Saturday Evening Post," I made the above statement and he said, "Yes, that is true." And he said further, "He was my best friend. I did everything I could to get him to live in the east even to the point of offering him an eighty thousand dollar estate so that I might be with him often. But Emerson Hough was of the west and the east had no call for him."

During the past twenty-two months I have perhaps talked to more than two hundred gatherings of sportsmen and always it has come to me that the work Emerson Hough did for fifty years had a great deal to do with its being possible to hold these meetings. Emerson Hough knew outdoor America and he knew it as no other man in America knows it. To use his own words, "I have spent my own money and my own life to get the truth," and there can be no doubt that he invariably told his countrymen the truth about their out of door land. Often his words were unwelcome but they were unwelcome because they were true. Again to quote from him, "But no man ever gained anything by deceiving himself. We have been doing that. It is time to call a halt."

Two weeks before he died I had Sunday dinner at his new home and afterwards we adjourned to his study and there we talked for more than four hours about the League and the status of outdoor America. I wish I had the genius to put into words the result of those four hours. I can only tell my brother sportsmen that I will never forget them as long as I live. As I rode home that evening I thought that I had not only been talking to a great man but to a great prophet. During our long conversation there were often tears in his voice as he recited the ravage and ruin that we American sportsmen had allowed to take place. There were few portions of America that Emerson Hough did not know, and knowing conditions everywhere as he did and loving outdoor America as he did, it necessarily followed that he could speak of it with more than ordinary knowledge and with more than ordinary kindness—I think loving kindness describes it best.

Just before I left he handed me two manuscripts—the two last manuscripts that ever came from his pen, and he had written them for this great cause. The closing

lines of these two great prophetic documents are now pretty well known, and strange to say in my editorial on the Public Shooting Grounds Bill in this issue I have already used them but nevertheless I cannot produce this article without putting them down here:

"Meantime if you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League."

"When that thing is true you will have won your fight. You then will see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface."

You, my brother, cannot read these words too often. Emerson Hough believed, beyond all shadow of a doubt, that the Izaak Walton League of America offered the last chance for the American sportsman to save a little sport for himself and to save for his boy and his boy's boys the sports of their ancestors. I wish I had time to write more about my friend.

No one with a heart in his bosom would deprive our boys of the health and happiness he himself has gained from contact with outdoor America. There is not enough money in all our banks to buy from me my golden memories of happy days afield and astream and I feel that you hold these memories as dearly as I do.

I hope that you are a member of an Izaak Walton Chapter and I hope that if you are not that you will proceed to rally the sportsmen of your district and bring them into this great cause. This League is no longer an experiment—it is a fact and it has a number of great achievements to its credit and it has only begun to achieve. It is within your power to do a great deal for outdoor America and I know of nothing that you can do of more value than to induce your sportsmen friends to subscribe for this magazine, and at one dollar per year it is a gift. No man can read it without loving it.

Below there are two coupons. Your conscience should tell you to sign them both. I do not know where you can spend two dollars to more effect. You, of course, understand that this League and its magazine have no stockholders and no profits to share with any man or any syndicate of men. Should the magazine make money (and it will in time) these profits will go to help us to win our fight which, by the way, is your fight just as it is our fight. THINK AND ACT.

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Bird Lore

by
Bob Becker

LAST month several good pelican pictures were shown in this department—said pictures being taken by L. A. Sharp of Alma, Michigan, and entered in the bird photograph contest. With the studies of the pelicans L. A. sent us an interesting little story about how he got his pictures while in Florida. It “listened” so good to us that we are going to pass it along to you. L. A. writes:

Alma, Michigan

Dear Bob:

The pelican is quite some bird. This was made clear to me from day to day last winter as I watched his antics where he loiters along the gulf coast of Florida, and learned to admire his skill as an aviator and diver, and the only fisherman except myself who never catches or loses a fish larger than it is. Singly and in flocks, with wings expanded and motionless, he floats swiftly above the billows following his beak, leaving one wondering how he is sustained. When our engineers can get in sight of his efficiency Uncle Henry will put aircraft into our hands as cheap, simple and dependable as Aunt Lizzie is today. As his broad vans leisurely winnow the air he is impelled by a single idea, that the sea owes him a living but he must collect it by his own efforts. He differs from many human bipeds in always knowing where the next meal is coming from.

It is a familiar sight to see him change that leisurely flight to a plunge swift and straight as a plummet into the sea “lost to sight to memory dear” only to emerge in an instant with a scaly trophy in his beak.

Observation leads us to believe that ten men can make money where one can keep it, and the same thing applies to Mr. Pelican, for frequently he no sooner comes to the surface with his prize than one of the piratical little gulls which

frequent his haunts darts swift as a shadow, perches on his head and fights for the fish, verily a hold-up on the high seas, often a successful but always a scaly trick. With me “Time was not of the essence of the contract” and it is written that “All things come to him who will but wait”; so on shore and pier, early and late I waited an opportunity to catch him diving for his quarry. There was waiting and plenty of it until memory recalled that it is also written

“Things may come to him who waits
But here’s a way that’s slicker,
He who goes for what he wants
Gets it all the quicker.”

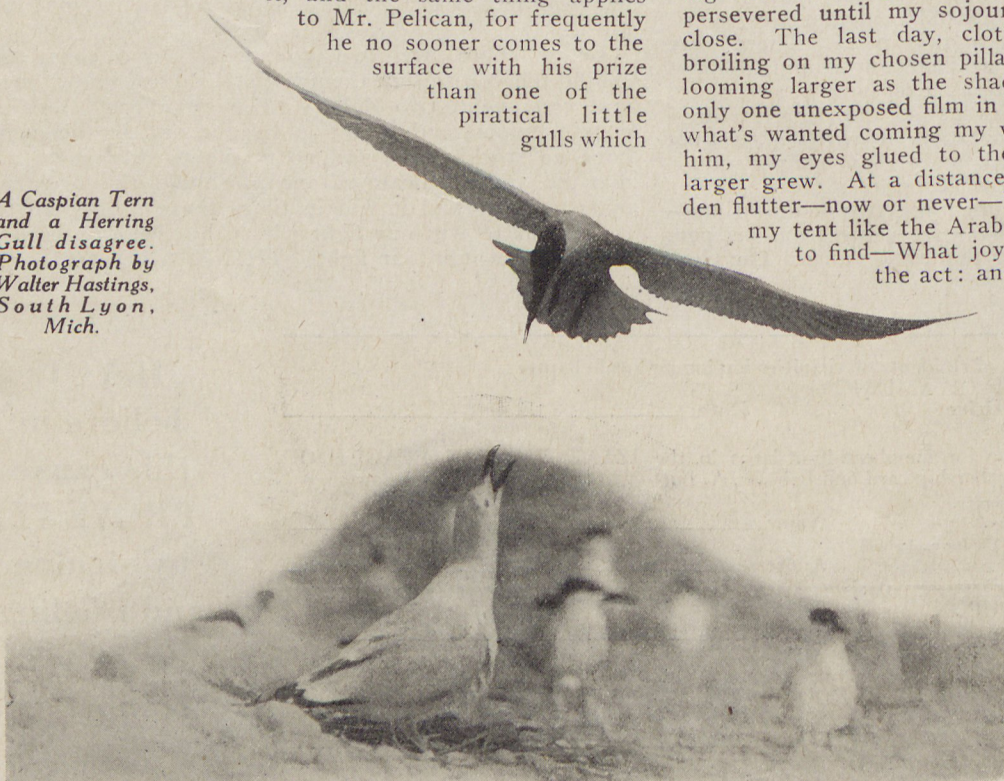
The great storm off the Gulf of Mexico a couple of years ago destroyed the big pier running out into Tampa Bay at St. Petersburg leaving some of the piles and connecting timbers in place. On these far from the shore the pelicans took their siestas and there I also joined the ancient order of Stylites, sizzling in the sun, patiently waiting camera in hand for the winged fisher to make his plunge near enough for a snapshot with a 3A kodak, anastigmat lens, 150th second.

A man with rod and reel, unconsciously looking for trouble, found a way to a pile-top near me, cast his bait, lost his balance and emulous of pelican tactics took a header in ten feet of water, which isn’t considered good form by Waltonians nor recommended in *The Compleat Angler*. Incidentally the splash and commotion scares away the fishes. He saw me roasting on my perch, but never said, “Come on in, the water’s fine.” You may recall one of John Bright’s big words “Nothing can stand against day’s work” and accordingly I persevered until my sojourn in the south drew to a close. The last day, clothed in protective coloring, broiling on my chosen pillar in the sea, disappointment looming larger as the shadows lengthened until with only one unexposed film in the box, about 5:30 I noted what’s wanted coming my way and trained the lens on him, my eyes glued to the little finder as the image larger grew. At a distance of about thirty feet a sudden flutter—now or never—I pressed the button, “folded my tent like the Arabs and as quietly stole away” to find—What joy!—that I had caught him in the act: and all unknown until revealed

in the negative, I had also caught the little feathered pirate, perched on a near-by post, waiting to swoop down unbidden to the feast and literally divide the spoils. To the camera enthusiast something better lies just beyond, and to catch the little pirate red-handed perched on the head of his victim is a goal for my leisure with the lens in the southland next winter.

To watch the little gulls was an increasing delight and I longed to carry away a souvenir of them and the bit of

*A Caspian Tern
and a Herring
Gull disagree.
Photograph by
Walter Hastings,
South Lyon,
Mich.*



“Fish and game cannot vote”—Judge J. M. Dickinson



wholesome philosophy which they suggest to us humans. At one vantage point and another I lay in wait, camera ready, their graceful evolutions and the coat of tan being some compensation for the idle hours. Occasionally an exposure caught two or three of them, but that elusive something—the atmosphere of flight—eluded the lens and left me with ebbing spirits. But one day luck was with me as I pressed the button on

ranks. Piles of ducks there also, and all the winter ducks are down I believe. If birds are any sign of cold weather we are sure going to have a blinger of a winter. A party at Bayport, Mich., has shot a snowy owl already.

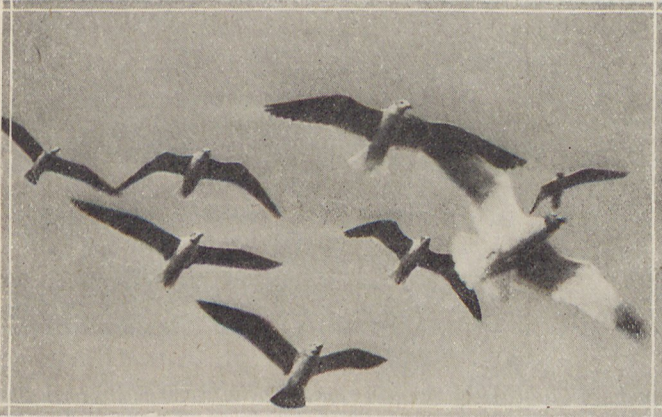
Will send you the pictures soon as I can. Am very busy trying to build me a new house and run seven greenhouses and photograph birds at the same time.

Sincerely,

Walt Hastings.

P. S.—Don't find much time for my business. A guy ought not to have a business to bother with, ought he?

No, Walt, there shouldn't be such a thing as business to bother some of us. We admit it! But, you have no cause to complain when you can run out



Gulls along the coast of Florida. Entry for Contest by L. A. Sharp, Alma, Mich.

a wisp of fickle pinions. The result is presented herewith. Yes, "For sport the lens is better than the gun." Come on in, the water's fine.

Well, the contest is over. Sure did turn up some mighty fine pictures and we thank you contestants for letting us share the results of your perseverance and work. Now for the judging! We ought to have a report for you soon unless a bunch of new photos descends upon us by the time this issue is off the press.

Walt Hastings is favoring us again with some of the corking photographs he has made. Boy, what a mean lens that man does wield! He had a great trip last summer photographing birds and fishing (yes, he's that kind of an outdoorsman, too) and before long we are going to make him loosen up and tell us about the many gross of pictures he has made recently. But pipe the photographs shown this month. Aren't they dandies? Just had a letter from him which ought to make any bird fan sit up and take interest. Here it is:

Say, I have been running across some rare birds this week. In Huron County I saw bonaparte gulls, snowflakes, longspurs, goshawk, and seven species of ducks and also snow geese. In Oakland County today I saw one evening grosbeak; he stayed in the same tree for two hours feeding off the seeds (box elder), also saw six beautiful snow geese pass overhead this morning. Turned the big 24-inch telephoto on them and shot six times in good light and am keen to see how the pictures turn out.

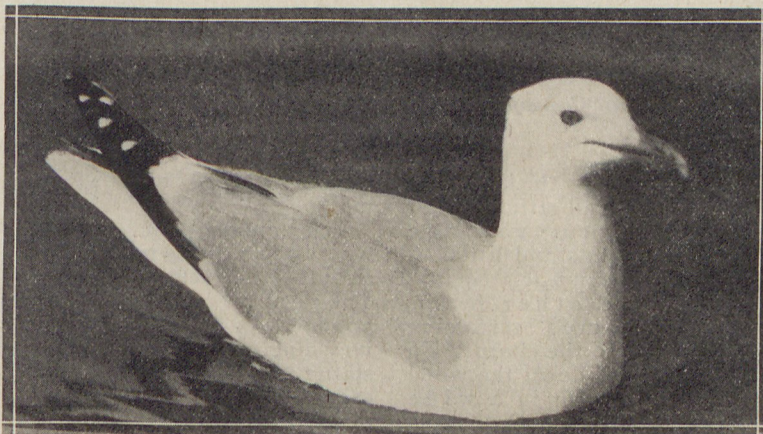
Was up to Saginaw Bay with a party of duck shooters but didn't do anything with my camera as the light was too poor. I had a lot of fun and saw a lot of birds and ducks. Never saw so many big flocks of bonaparte gulls, and how nice they fly, almost in



Adult Great Blue Heron. Photograph by Walter Hastings

and see all these birds and then turn that telephoto lens on them, business or no business.

Waterfowl are on their long trek southward. Winter has already set in with a vengeance far to the north, sending south many welcome bird friends. Soon January and February, usually hard months for the birds that stay with us, will be at hand. That means a time of opportunity for the bird fans as during the "lean," cold days when food placed outdoors for our feathered friends is much appreciated by them. There's a world of fun in making friends with the birds. You can rig up feeding stations so close to your house that all through the winter it will be possible to watch from a window the visitors to your boarding house come and go. But of that, more later. We're going to swap experiences on winter feeding of birds and if you have had any fun along this line, write us your experiences.



Portrait of a Gull. Photograph by Walter Hastings

**Winners
of
Bird
Photo
Contest
to be
Announced
Next
Month**

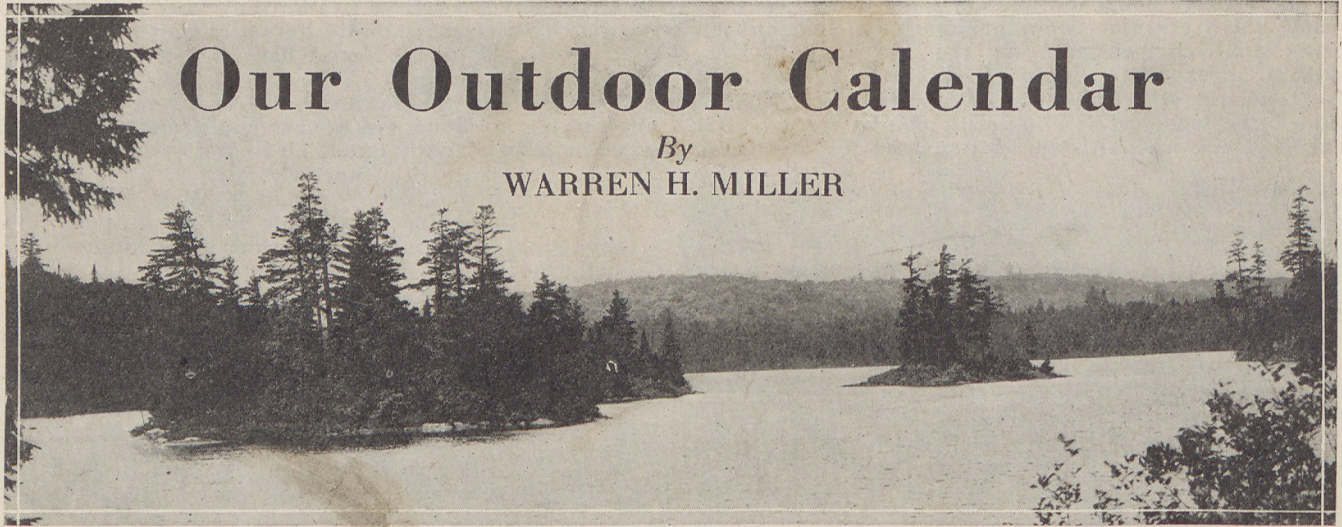
The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00



Our Outdoor Calendar

By

WARREN H. MILLER



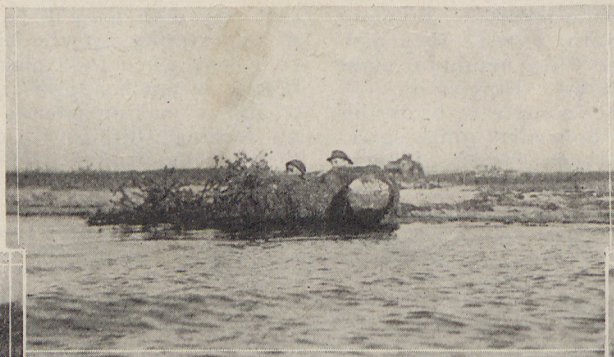
December

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lure will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller.
—The Editor

THE Moon of the Long Winter Night. Sounds like the end of all things and general stagnation under a pall of snow, that Indian name for December! But for this outer there is a deal to be said for December. The longest winter night **does** occur then, but it simply means camping time earlier in the afternoon. I confess to a "strong weakness" for the winter months as camping times, for many and robust are the memories of the trips during all of them and particularly December. Up north it is our last chance before the license expires. The general fusillade has died down and the game is moving again, so one gets more than a few shots in the day's hunt. It may be that four of us pile into a farm buggy and head out into the region of brown fields and leafless woodlots in back of beyond, intent on a general bag. The sun is hardly giving warmth to the crisp and cold air before we are in the fields, with two rabbit hounds searching the briers ahead of us and a setter ranging the distances for scent of those broken-up quail bevvies. Then Beagle Brownie lets out a tearing bray, and the day has begun! He has put up an old settler of a cotton-tail, down in yonder green-

intention of coming out into that field, where a line of guns awaits him! Presently I hear a rustle in the leaves down in the ravine. In a rapid yet unhurried hop the old settler is making an incautious circuit of his kingdom again, the dogs quarter of a mile behind him. At sight of me and the pointed gun he freezes stock still and is almost invisible. A wave of the hand and he is off like a streak. **Banngg!** rings out one barrel of the twelve. The dog music keeps up, coming nearer and nearer; their noses lead them right to the scene of the kill; then out to where I stand, where I am presently covered with superfluous dogs, all intent on B'r'er Rabbit in my game pocket. Not always does it happen so fortunately for all concerned! He who thinks B'r'er Rabbit, with his scorching, undulating gait, is an easy mark,—has many mortifying misses ahead of him!

A bit later a gun booms down in the swamp and one of the boys emerges from the greenbrier tangles, holding a gorgeous cock pheasant in hand. "Shot him from the hip, Chief!" he remarks, while the long-tailed gamester of slate and bronze is being admired. "I was all balled up in there when the sun-



"Camouflaged it with seaweed and decorated it with bayberry."



"Scout brought him in, mealy-mouthed."

230

brier thicket, and we all string out to various vantage points and listen to the music. Spotty, the other beagle, comes screaming into the chorus. Up and down the wood patch in a wide circle the O. S. leads them. He has no

downer rose on me!"

Ten minutes later we come upon Scout, the setter, frozen on point, goodness knows how long. A canine statue of restrained eagerness. The line of us advance, every man tense, wonder-



"In the lovable and shiftless Southland."

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



ing when, where, and how they will get up. Brrrr! This is a bevy, for they have gotten together again after November. The guns flash and spank, in the wide open under that blue December sky, and there is havoc. Three down. Scout brings them in mealy-mouthed and we let the singles go. No use overdoing it, this time of year!

Then there is riot and war down in another brier patch. The beagles have another old-timer, who was too sly for the general run of November hunters. The boys go down to collect him, while I strike off alone for a walk in the December uplands, to see what the Red Gods have left for me. Sere and leafless the trees. A desolate robin; the indefatigable downy woodpecker; a blue jay squawking somewhere; and snow-birds, tell me that the first flights of juncos, vast bird population have gone south. Yet is there interest. Yonder is a cecropia cocoon, and dangling from that sassafras bush two prometheus. We collect them and look for more. A gray squirrel scratches around a tree limb and cunningly puts the branch between me and him. Without much wish to own him for the game bag, I go over there just to see how cunning he can be. Quarter of an hour's careful scrutiny of all that tree tells me he has vanished! Reminds me of a fox squirrel who scolded me without stopping once for breath for a solid half hour while I stood under his tree with a rifle, thirsting for his blood. A squall, very like a nuthatch's, redoubled every time I moved a foot, but find him, never!

Little old Red is chattering at me, now, from a pine clump. It is worth going over there just to see how funny he can be. Here is a man standing below him, with a gun in his hands which could obliterate him in a breath, but does that trouble him any? I get abuse by the furry mouthful of him; if he were a monkey in a cage and I had stolen his peanut I could not be berated more!

Well, we give him up, for this is not hunting. The grouse are with us all through the year and this sunny plateau covered with trees, all of an even height, is where we might put up one. That wild grapevine yonder looks promising. It has climbed all over and killed a young locust, and the leaves under it will be covered with dried and fallen grapes, a nest of seeds under a skin of sticky pulp, at this time of the year. I advance with gun ready and left forefinger stretched out under the barrels for instant pointing. Alas! There were far sharper eyes than mine under that wild grapevine. A whirl of gray wings and he is gone, leaving me an empty shell, as matter of white smoke in the air, and a thunderous noise echoing in the ravines.

However, there are compensations. Yonder is a ripe persimmon tree, loaded with the small purple apples well frost-bitten, down in that ravine ahead. We go down and shake it, to be submerged in a blizzard of persimmons which squash as they fall. A good addition to the mid-day lunch for those hungry boys! The persimmon shares with the date the honor of being one of the few of the world's fruits which has almost as much protein as meat. Some day they will come into their



"The cotton baron handing Tad one to carry."



"A wild hog that took the combined bullets of all of us."

own as a standard table fruit, but that is neither here nor there to this woodser, opening up immediately appalling vistas of commercialism.

Still farther down the ravine looms up the huge and shaggy light gray bole of a shagbark hickory. It, and a white oak growing near by, have succeeded in covering the ground with a far larger crop of nuts and acorns than all the squirrels in the neighborhood can carry away. We gather until the game pockets will hold no more, while the December sun makes this little south-looking glade as warm as October.

Why, what a paradise is this! Would that I were a lone Igorote! I once saw a camp of theirs which struck me as particularly adaptable to December housekeeping in the woods. It was nothing but a glorified dog-kennel, six feet long by three

wide and six high, covered with thick thatch and made of hewn boards. Out in front was a leaf verandah which served for all home activities, the fire, the weaving, the cooking, the preparing of food. But at night they got into this kennel, which stood on logs a good foot above the damp soil, curled up on the hay inside and pulled to the heavy door so as to discourage leopards; and there you were, warm and dry, and, in the Philippines, safe. That dog kennel of theirs, like everything else born of necessity, looked good and sensible to me. Suppose in this very glade, for instance, a man had packed in a collapsible one, made of light pine boards that could be hooked or bolted together? Then, with a tarpaulin extending over it both ways, you had a living room in front where the night fire could be built and one could sit on a log and enjoy life, and in back a place for the camp stove and all cooking gear and provisions. With leaves piled thick within, there was your warm, dry place to sleep in—banzai the Igorotes! He

who has camped out in December in the north and has run into a dreary nor'easter will envy Fido in his kennel at home and wish he had one like it, only bigger. The old feeling for making my nest here alone with the Glory of God comes over me again as I look around that glade and perceive that Nature has not forgotten to bless it with also a spring, albeit of only one pailful an hour capacity. But I relinquish it with a sigh, and join the boys back at the old abandoned tool-shed in the field, where Billy the horse has been made comfortable with oats and hay. On the sunny side of it we devour certain sandwiches and bottles of coffee, topping off with cake and persimmons and hickory nuts. Then, grabbing the guns and calling the dogs, we are up and at 'em again. A good day in the uplands, for December, when we drive home in the early dark!

Other days. A telegram from an old character who lives in a shack down by the marshes. "Ducks tradin' good come tonight." That telegram shuts down the desk with a bang, and, grabbing the gun-case, a box of fours, the old canvas shooting coat, and a pair of rubber boots, we arouse envy among the commuters as we take the evening train down to his place. A

(Continued on page 254)



The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES



SNOW flakes—each a tiny miracle, and Christmas, season of that ancient and ever greatest tiny miracle! And it seems to me that at this season when our thoughts are turning with special tenderness towards our children, that it is not exaggerated or unduly sentimental to also think with consideration of all innocent, helpless and young creatures; for instance, our small fur bearing animals that are trapped by the thousands in cruel torture-inflicting traps when decent, instantly death - dealing ones are to be had, and certainly should be used; and the aquatic life of our streams, which, through pollution and drainage, is being destroyed in countless hordes; and last, but not least, our trees.

It is customary in thinking and writing of the criminal destruction of our forests to vision or portray great trees whose growth has taken a century or more, and the pity of man's destroying in a day what has taken God years to make is often dwelt upon. Has it ever occurred to you how even more pitiable and wrong it is to allow the destruction of the second growth—the baby life of reforestation—the young balsam, the young pines, the young birch, and that whole, hardy, happy younger generation of our trees rising bravely to restore the fallen greatness of the forests?

So we women who love the outdoors should do our best to help in the righting of these four conditions. We should protest against the using of traps that do not instantly kill, we should protest against the indiscriminate drainage of river lands and the pollution of our streams, and we should protest against the carelessness and indifference which allows miles and miles of underbrush and young growth of trees to be destroyed by fire.

The welfare of these things intimately concerns us, first because we want to save them for the good and the happiness of our children, and secondly for our own sakes, for the outdoors has a remedy for every ill, and every mood, especially for those listless, apathy-

burdened moods when nothing is specifically wrong but nothing is just exactly right.

If you are bored—satiated with things made of man—go out and walk along some strip of seashore or some windswept plain and pit your strength against the gale. You'll experience perhaps discomfort, irritation, anger—but stay there a while and keep struggling—you'll realize how small you are and be humble and—between gusts—how strong you are and be proud. And above

all, you'll experience the interest and excitement of combat—it doesn't matter whether the wind batters you until you crouch in surrender or whether you can breast it victoriously—you'll find you are not bored any more. You've encountered something with an eternal thrill in it, something not ordered and controlled by man, something only "He who holds the winds in His grasp" can understand. It's interesting, enthralling, isn't it—and that's what you were looking for, wasn't it—well, another outdoor cure.

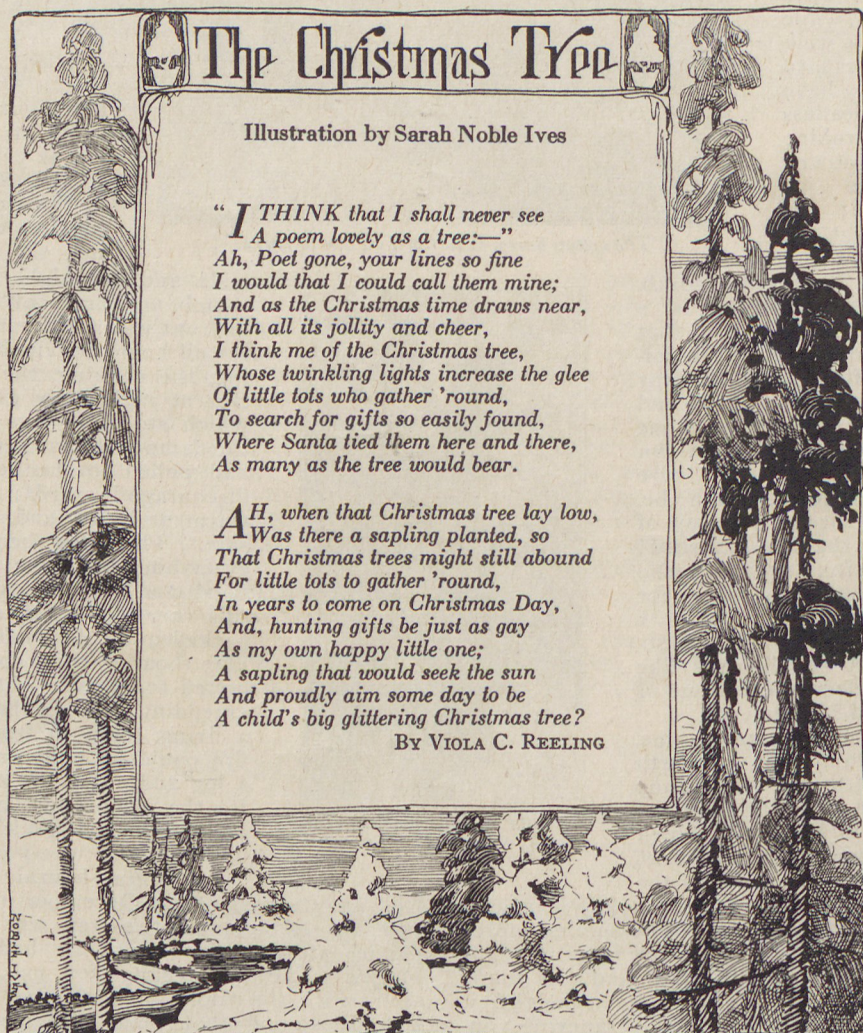
And you'll go home with three excellent reasons for feeling better—a becoming color in your cheeks, a good appetite and a vastly accelerated circulation. You will

have gained a slight idea of the immensity of Nature and her ways and you'll feel a wholesome shame at the impudence of having dared to be indifferent to the privilege of being alive.

To be worthy of the name of Outdoor Women we must love the various phases and manifestations of Nature the whole year 'round; we must be Nature lovers, not weather lovers.

Nature lovers feel toward each season much as we feel towards a loved one, if that one is ill, or disagreeable or poor or unhappy, our affection does not change or cease. We love that one as much, perhaps our loyalty dictates more, under adverse conditions. Surely, otherwise our allegiance has little value. Again to quote our much loved and much quoted R. L. S.: "Nobody can be unhappy very long outdoors."

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



The Christmas Tree

Illustration by Sarah Noble Ives

"I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree:—"
Ah, Poet gone, your lines so fine
I would that I could call them mine;
And as the Christmas time draws near,
With all its jollity and cheer,
I think me of the Christmas tree,
Whose twinkling lights increase the glee
Of little tots who gather 'round,
To search for gifts so easily found,
Where Santa tied them here and there,
As many as the tree would bear.

AH, when that Christmas tree lay low,
Was there a sapling planted, so
That Christmas trees might still abound
For little tots to gather 'round,
In years to come on Christmas Day,
And, hunting gifts be just as gay
As my own happy little one;
A sapling that would seek the sun
And proudly aim some day to be
A child's big glittering Christmas tree?

BY VIOLA C. REELING



Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

The Giant Mascalonge

By F. F. D. ALBERY



THERE is no more fascinating region than the Saint Clair Flats. All that the Everglades of Florida or the inlets of North Carolina possess in weirdness exists there and, with it all, a wholesomeness of fresh running water in strong currents that forever precludes any chance of malaria. Here at any time of year you may catch fish, not always many, but always some—and sometimes many, if you are disposed to be a butcher, and they are all fit to eat. If you fail in the Doty or the Bassets, you may follow them over into Canada where you are sure to find them in Johnson's Channel. The big Black Bass that come out of its deep holes are famed all over as the Detroit River Bass while its Wall Eyed Pike or Dory, which the half breed Indians catch by "chugging," constitute the Pickerel of trade to be found on every fish stand in the Middle West.

Over in Anchor Bay, hard by a floating Palace of Joy (for it looked like Noah's Ark and there was a good bar and kitchen on board and it had been so established to be without the corporate limits of any of the nearby dry towns), at what seemed to me to be the most unlikely spot in all the world of waters, was the lair of the Giant Mascalonge. My chum and I had tried for him last season and, though twice or thrice we felt sure we were hooked to him, he always got away until his very existence was questioned. He was like the Loup Garou, and the pretty little French girl who waited on us at the Old North Channel Club House expressed her skepticism in a dainty "Ce n'est possib' pas" which was almost convincing.

Seek him where you will, among the lily pads of some Canadian lake deep seated in hill and pine, in the Northern Peninsula where all waters contribute to the great inland seas or in some more civilized place like the scene of this adventure, old Esox Masquinongy is the same savage, unaccountable, relentless pirate—the Ishmaelite of all his tribe. He is ever the soldier of fortune who casts his lot under whatsoever shelving bank he will and who gives you battle at his own good pleasure, not yours. It is no wonder then that his erratic choice still holds to the St. Clair Flats notwithstanding the fact that the hand of man has covered it over with hotels, club houses, cottages and incessant water craft.

This year I had fixed upon as the Annus Mirabilis of my career as a fisherman, for it was this time that I would not only fasten to the Levia-

GET your pipe and settle down, my brother fisherman, in the old arm chair with a pad on your knee and write us an Angling Memory. Two of a fisherman's favorite winter sports are the writing and the reading of fishing stories. I put writing first because even as it is a little more enjoyable to tell one's own fishing experiences than to listen to the other fellow's, so is it more satisfying to write one's own story than to read the other fellow's; this some of you may be inclined to doubt, but try and see if I'm not right. It isn't necessary to have literary talent—just tell your story—and where is there a fisherman who can't tell a good story? Come on, boys, I want to hear from you and the prizes are well worth the effort.

FIRST PRIZE—Choice of any rod, fly or bait, made in America.

SECOND PRIZE—Choice of any reel, fly or bait, made in America.

THIRD PRIZE—Leather fly rod case made and presented by Mr. George Goetz.

FOURTH AND FIFTH PRIZES—To be decided upon later but presumably autographed famous fishing books.

WILL H. DILG

than of the Flats, but would actually land him. I could think of nothing else night and day and, having rejected all temptations of mountain and sea, a trip to Duluth on a Freighter and a cruise on the Maine coast in Phil's yacht, I found myself on a lovely hot morning sitting in the lap of Mary Ellen (I mean of course THE Mary Ellen) with Jack the Punter grasping the sheet, my dear chum at the tiller and I on the comfy broad middle seat arranging my lines. Mimi had given us her blessing, a dare-devil promise of a kiss if we caught the *poisson gros* and a good breakfast at four and the sun was just peeping redly over the rushes as we pushed off for the bay. Then for hours and hours and hours we "ist fished an' fished" while the sun boiled and the quiet water of the bay reflected it painfully even through our Berlin smoked glasses.

Then—"Gad, old man, but he's a corker," yelled Dud, as the boat careened half over in response to a sudden jerk which was just like the one last year and the one the year before that. "I'll bet he weighs fifty pounds." "Sure it isn't a snag," growled I, as my line slackened and the conclusion became fixed that I hadn't hooked him again.

For some reason, probably because I was so intent upon capturing this particular monster, possibly because I was

the stranger guest and had come so far on this murderous mission, possibly also because they shared Mimi's skepticism, the other two had conceded to me the right to fish in Anchor Bay and all the perquisites thereof. At all events, I held the line while the others managed the boat. We had sailed over the ground twice each way and every time as near his den as we knew how and my faith was about the only item of Faith left for the delicious Kanuck of Mimi's "possib" had driven Faith out of the heart of M'sieu Smit. But I hung to mine. I was Browning's man who held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, and so I kept on in my quest—Oh, yes! I forgot to finish that Browning thing: "sleep to wake"—for that has something to do with this yarn.

"Guess you'd better give it up, old man," yawned Smith, putting the cork back in its proper place in the jug, for the sun was blazing hot and it was required of him to manipulate the cork with some degree of regularity. "Jerusalem Crickets, I've got him!" And sure enough I had and from that time on there were "doin's" in Anchor Bay.

The ball was opened by a superb ascent from the depths something more than a hundred feet away. It was a beauty show of first magnitude for the sun was square on him and his frame of liquid diamonds. Venus arising from the waves was not comparable. Then to the depths again. How he yanked and pulled! How he went to the bottom and came to the top before you could wink and fought like mad! Holy Catalina Island; had I caught a Tuna? We made the circuit of the Maison de Joie and all the guests and help came out to watch the fight. He tried all the sudden tricks of his craft. He jumped out of the water and fell on the line but it was slack and his ruse had been discounted. He bit like a hound, but found only a big piano string which his teeth could not penetrate, whose only response was an ominous chord from the Gotterdaemmerung, for it had once answered the magic touch of Paderewski. He ran like a deer toward the boat till he got what slack he wanted and then like a flash of lightning was at the end of it again with all his tremendous weight expecting the line to break or the hook to tear from his jaw. After an incredible amount of this violence and, terminating his fiercest dash, the line fell limp on the water and my imprecations were such only as are fit to use over a broken line and a lost prize. They were still rolling out of my mouth sizzling hot when Jack said, almost to himself:

"Look at the old son of a gun—he's goin' to kick yes in the furrid wid both feet." And there at the side of the boat, within easy reach, stretching half its length, lay my panting foe, his wicked eyes fixed on me as though he were merely figuring out my most vulnerable points. Dud moved cautiously to reach the club when, with a swish which drenched the three of us,

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he was under the boat and forty feet away with the line sawing against the side. It looked as though he had an idea of upsetting the Mary Ellen, but boat and fishermen were ready for him at every turn.

How happy I was that I hadn't gone to Duluth or the mountains or been lured by the yacht (sorest of all earthly temptations!) for I had upset all their theories and proved Mimi a liar and had won the kiss which her "Ces n'est possib' pas" had safeguarded her against when I caught the Loup Garou of Anchor Bay!

I couldn't miss a note in the management of that fish. All my art must be perfect for he must not get away and so—patiently, surely I covered all the fine points of the fisher's art and, after forty minutes of good, hard, honest work and skill. (Upon this last item I am modest, very modest, indeed, although I am free to maintain, with all other good fishermen, that in point of skill I, as we say when speaking of our love for the flag, yield to none), the monster maskalonge was alongside as quiet as a sleeping baby and Jack had his arms around him while Smith managed the gaff hook and I kept command of the line.

Jack grunted as he lifted the big fellow out of the water and over the side of the boat:

"Damn near fifty, if he ain't all of it."

Whereat I gave a yell of triumph that was intended to be heard as far west as Mt. Clemens and up the old North Channel even unto Algonac and beyond and turned over on my side in time to hear my wife say:

"Well, Ned, you must imagine you're an Indian on the war path.

"Oh, but I've had such a bully vacation," murmured I and, rolling over to the other side, tried my level best to dream myself back in the Mary Ellen at Anchor Bay.

The Most Polite Bass

By A. E. SWOYER



DURING my years of bait-casting I have suffered many indignities from the bass tribe; rough-neck bass have busted up my tackle, wise bass have hurt my feelings and scorned my lures; fool bass have passed me by and connected up with the dub fisherman in the next boat; pound bass have smashed into my pork-rind like the Empire State Express and given me heart-failure; and old lunker bass have toyed with my offerings as daintily as a debutante with her first box of chocolates. But of decent, courteous, polite bass with the instincts of gentlemen and the milk of human kindness flowing through their veins—I have met but one!

Picture a night so dark that the oars of your own boat are invisible; a shore-line not even a vague blur against the inky sky; casting strictly by feel and a day-time knowledge of the pond—and strikes few and far between. A fozzled cast, a leisurely retrieve, and two feet from the boat a smashing strike that carried the lure under the

boat and snapped the line before I had even time to realize the strike itself! Then, on the other side of the boat, a heavy splash in the darkness; a tinkle in the boat, and the sad reeling in of the empty line.

Muttered, heart-felt curses over the loss of the biggest bass of the evening and at my stupidity in not earlier having broken off the worn portion of line; worst of all, at the loss of the new plug that my old friend Ivor Hennings had sent me to try out. Then a snapping-on of the flashlight to select a new plug from the kit—and a start of surprise as the little circle of light fell upon my lost lure lying in the bottom of the boat, with six inches of dripping line still attached!

Yes, that most gentlemanly of all bass had evidently realized the value of the lure, and, rising out of the watery depths, with one shake of his head snapped the hook free from his horny jaw and tossed my Surf-Oreno back into the boat. At any rate, there was no doubt that I again had the identical lost plug; it was the only one of the kind in my kit, and there was the additional evidence of the six inches of wet line still attached to it.

Should I rig up again and go after that courteous bass and show him who was boss around there—or should I leave him to grow up in the ways of righteousness and pass on his sporting instinct to his descendants? Quietly I picked up the oars and headed for the landing. For all I know, that bass is there yet.

Rainbows of the Rockies

By GURDON H. NICHOLS

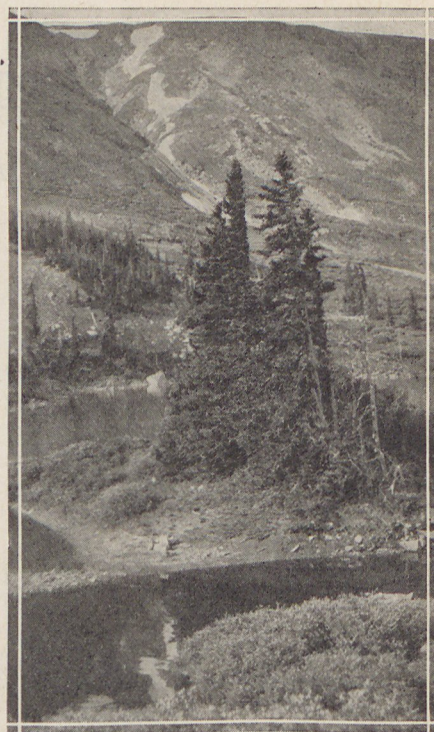


"The Fussiest Little Brook."

FAR up among the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, just below timber line, fringed with pine and bound by rocks lies Naylor Lake. It is fed by the fussiest little brook in that region. This brook comes down the gulch from Silver Dollar Lake, a round spot of silvery water almost at the top of the mountain. Whether it is because the waters regret leaving their lovely home at the lake, or on account of the steep and rock fretted path they travel, we did not learn; but they certainly complain about something.

Lake Naylor has no visible outlet. At the eastern end is a small island upon which stand two lofty pines, stately sentinels guarding the placid bays upon either side. From these bays the water sinks silently into a subterranean outlet to burst forth again far down the valley.

It is during the latter part of the summer that many a follower of Izaak Walton finds the waters of this beautiful lake a fisherman's paradise and the scenery his heart's delight. When a vagrant breeze has passed down the valley, and the ripples it caused have disappeared, hundreds of wavy ringlets appear. Each spreading circle tells the fate of some unwary insect that settled for a moment too long



At Timber Line.

upon the glassy surface. But this is enough to start the story, so let's go fishin'.

The sun was playing hide and seek among the clouds that hung over the bald dome of Old Professor, when we slid down past the famous loop where the Colorado Southern railway runs over itself in order to make the grade to Silver Plume. Around another "hairpin" loop where a car just has to make the turn or, well,—loop the loop, and across the valley we made another turn and began the climb.

From Clear Creek to Green Lake the road was smooth but rather narrow in spots for a tenderfoot. But the driver was careful and the car trusty so we rather enjoyed the thrills as we made turn after turn. As Bill remarked: "It did look as if that last cliff was going to push us right off the track."

Green Lake is a lovely gem set in a fringe of tall pines and provides the water supply for several towns in the valley beneath. Years ago it was a famous fishing resort but no catches have been made for some time.

From Green to Clear Lake, three miles above, the road became rougher and the scenery wilder. Clear Lake like Green is lovely to look upon but too close to civilization for good angling. It was between these lakes that we crossed the path of a glacier that, ages ago had scattered or piled huge rocks in the wildest disorder. Nature had done its best to temper the chaotic scene wrought by icy hands. Here and there were placid pools of crystal water reflecting the jagged rocks and mellowing their roughness while, from crevices grew cedar and pine.

From Clear Lake on, the road was no more than a burrow trail. Few autos had ever passed that way and several times we had to stop and build temporary bridges over swollen streams. Within three miles of Naylor, by majority vote we decided to park the car and adopt the safer method of mountain climbing. As Bill remarked: "Guess we can make it on 'low' if we stop once in a while and wait for our

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



breath to catch up." It was a tired, hungry, breathless bunch that reached the cabins just as the coffee was bubbling and the spuds ready to serve.

After the meal, as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the eastern peaks, rods were assembled and flies selected for the evening sport. Slipping quietly down to the water's edge we beheld a sight that set our hearts to thumping. The rainbows were all at home. Big, lazy fellows almost in reach of our rods. Would they accept our offerings? No, they would not. At least they did not. Bob, the lad, with his assortment of wriggling worms brought all the way from his eastern home, tarried later than the rest of us. He was the proud possessor of four tinted beauts when he came back to camp. The others had to furnish alibis, which, of course all experienced anglers have in stock when science and skill fail them.

The following day all succeeded in picking out a few here and there among the rocks and when it came time to fold our rods every one was fairly well pleased, if not wholly satisfied.

But who cared for a big catch. Fishing at Naylor, or at any other lake or stream among the Rockies, is just a sideshow. It is the performance in the big tent that makes the trip worth while.

Imagine, dear reader, a crystal clear and icy cold expanse of water, eleven thousand feet above the briny ocean. Picture, if you please, beds of purple columbines blooming upon the very brink of snow filled gulches. Take a stroll in the crisp morning air over velvet carpets of frost whitened grass, flourishing in spite of Jack's icy kiss. Watch the gathering storm far off to the west and when it breaks crouch beneath a sheltering rock and listen to the thunder echo and re-echo from cliff to cliff. The storm passes on muttering gruffly as it rolls to the eastward. The sun bursts forth and reveals a distant, lofty peak wreathed in freshly fallen snow.

This and even more invites every lover of Nature, whether he be a devotee of our beloved Walton or not, to lay aside the cares of the business world and climb the long, rugged trail that leads to Lake Naylor, a rare beauty spot among the many, afforded by the Rockies, in the good state of Colorado.

And allow us to advise you not to forget your camera or winter undies.

Wallace's First Bass

By F. E. TRITT



I CANNOT recall the exact date of this most impressive fishing trip, but to relate it just as it came about, yes.

Several years ago when I was about the only one in our locality using a plug or artificial bait for casting, I chanced to meet up with my young friend Wayne Wallace one bright morning, and invited him to accompany me up the river in pursuit of a bass. No sooner proposed than accepted, provided however that I furnish him with a casting rod and plug—with instructions how to run it. All agreed and everything ready we were not long in hitting the river.

Friend Wallace had never seen a bass taken on a plug and several times remarked that a fool bass that would strike at that thing must be crazy and announced that he didn't believe such a fish would be fit to eat, etc., etc. He absolutely refused to make a cast until I had hooked and landed a fair sized boy of about twelve inches long. Then I could see friend W. was getting the fever and now and then he'd make a try at casting. However, he was very cautious and not hitting the likely places because of the fear of hanging himself up. I had just had a rise from a monster who had failed to hit. I related to Friend Wallace that I had just had the rise and that it was a rusty old boy and would weigh three or four pounds and measure fifteen to twenty inches long. Wallace doubted me and remarked I was stringing him, or my eyesight was getting bad. However, I invited him up a little closer to the better water where he could see the trick done, so sure was I that I would get another rise from this dude and sure enough, the next cast with a very slow reel-in he was hooked. Oh, boy, how he did charge—broke water several times, ran, went deep, stood up and shook, no two year old colt ever cut more capers than this old boy did.

This put Wallace on nettles. He was going to get a string that would reach back to town in the next few moments. "No, nothing doing, old boy, I want you to sit right here, look this fellow over, admire him a while and see if you still think him crazy and decide whether you think you could eat the like of him, and when things quiet down properly I want you to get his big brother."

Wallace admitted I had not strung him or overestimated, he begged the bass' pardon for thinking him crazy, and I think would have been willing to have done almost anything if he could hook and land one like it. When things had quieted down, I suggested that Wallace go just above, where a large stone lay in the river, make his cast to the opposite side of the river and bring his plug across just above the stone and see what would happen. He made a perfect cast and handled his reel like a major, just as the plug passed the rock Zip! went the strike and Wallace had the fish hooked good and hard. He began to ride him out standing on his tail, when I insisted that he keep him down and not be too hasty in trying to land him.

"Have a fight with him, and see who's the best man, and when it's over you'll know what real bass fishing is." Friend Wallace insisted and kept insisting that I take the rod lest the bass get away from him. "Nothing doing, you have hooked that boy and you are going to get him out or lose him. Don't get excited. You will get the best of him and we will soon be looking at your first bass on a plug, and a dandy, too!" I kept giving instructions, "bring him down here, turn him, take him back," until that bass was more dead than alive.

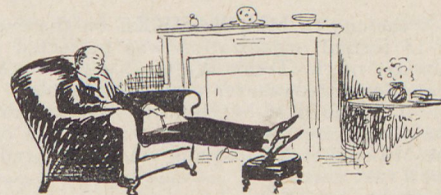
"Now bring him to shore and I will throw him out," putting my hands under the fish I pitched him up over a five-foot bank and possibly ten feet back, stepping up to look over the bank and watch the climax. Wallace went to the bass, raised him up and stood admiring him for a long time. Then he said to me, "My God, Tritt, isn't that a sensation!" At this point he became so weak and shaky he let the bass drop

and stood trembling like a man with a chill.

Do you think Friend Wallace or I will ever forget that fish?

Opening Day

By GRANT D. HARRINGTON



IN the years to come March, 1923, will be on the calendar of the Wisconsin old-timer. Blizzards, snow storms, sleet and extreme cold were so continuous as to make it winter in the lap of spring. Its grip was so strong that it could not be loosened until April was more than half gone. Trout fishermen found little comfort. High water and cold weather threatened an uncertain opening.

However, the latter part of April was kindly disposed and May 1 opened auspiciously. Warm days and occasional showers had placed the brooks of southern Wisconsin in ideal condition and the heart of the trout fisherman was made glad. "Old Pal" had been in the slough of despond but as May 1st approached his spirits ascended with the thermometer. Every day, in every way, conditions grew better and better.

We had fished together for years and as early as the holidays our plans had been laid for the opening. The morning proved ideal. Balmy atmosphere, a bit cloudy and sufficient wind to ripple the water augured well. An early breakfast followed by a half-hour's ride brought us to the stream, and the dream of months became a reality.

We were both familiar with the stream from its source back in the hills to where it emptied into the lake. There were the never-failing pools, the banks which had been undermined by the swift current and here and there tangled underbrush that tried the patience of even "Old Pal." The spring freshets make changes each season but seemingly fewer this year than usual. The brook was to us as an old friend unchanged since we bade it goodbye on that eventful August 31, 1922, when "Old Pal" artistically landed a 2½-pounder and then broke his rod on one not half as large.

The stream is not suited to fly-fishing and we resorted to creek minnows and "night-crawlers." We began fishing midway between the source and the mouth of the stream. The morning was glorious, the trout hungry and ran unusually large. Close to where the stream empties into the lake there is a deep pool. Its environment seems suited to the big fellows. More than one fisherman can tell of prodigious strikes and broken tackle, but not so this morning. The big ones not only stuck but they were landed and by the time the lake was reached our baskets were well filled.

While resting and admiring the morning's catch, a familiar voice from an adjoining room admonished me that it was after midnight. The fire in the grate had nearly died out and my dream had ended. Happy, golden dreams—"true interpreters of our inclinations!" Conditions always fair and the big ones never get away—"of such stuff are dreams made!"



Brief News of the Chapters of the

Edited by M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A.

IN the city of **MILWAUKEE** on the evening of November 13 formal organization was perfected of the first Junior Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. As Sherman Brown, treasurer of the Milwaukee Chapter expressed it, "it is the first but not the last Junior Chapter," and to the young men who brought about the organization and to the Milwaukee Waltonians who sponsored and fostered it, is due a vast amount of credit.

These young men, whose ages range from 18 to 25, are members of the Junior Optimist Club and into this chapter will be brought representatives of several other Junior organizations. Meetings will be bi-monthly in the Y. M. C. A.

The Junior Chapter members, of which there will be about 75 when the charter petition is filled, will in their own way follow out the ideals and principles of the League and fulfill the obligations. The work and life of Izaak Walton will be studied and every phase of conservation will be diligently gone into.

For some months past the plan of a Junior Chapter in Milwaukee fostered by the Milwaukee Chapter has been under way. Fred Koehn and Al Poertner discussed with Sherman Brown ways and means of affiliating with the League and the decision was finally arrived at to make application for a charter. The young men come in as full and regular members, paying their obligations in the way of per-capita taxation and subscribing to Outdoor America.

The officers of the Junior Optimist Club are—President, R. Hafemeister; Vice President, H. Bode; Secretary, C. Grzmehle; Treasurer, W. Kordt.

THE first chapter in the state of Wyoming was formed during the month of November at **SHERIDAN**, to be known as the Big Horn Chapter, word to that effect having been received shortly before press time from H. G. Mitchell of that city.

A prominent member of the Big Horn Chapter is W. D. Fisher, secretary of the Custer Battlefield Hi-Way who through untiring efforts brought about the building of a road through the Big Horn Mountain Divide opening up over 300 miles of wonderful trout fishing waters.

236

Write Some History

EVERY chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America is making history.

This history must be written and it is the duty and the privilege of the secretaries or other duly appointed officers of the chapters to do that writing. The files of Outdoor America will during the next ten years tell a wondrous story of conservation accomplishments. Real history will be recorded.

The chapters can outdo the chap who said in effect, "I do not write history, I make it." Chapters both make and write history and they can also illustrate this history writing.

The Chapter News department is of great importance and must be kept crammed with interesting news from the various chapters, with now and then a picture of an officer or some other member who has performed in a manner to make it necessary that his likeness be made a permanent part of conservation history. Scenery, particularly when saved from destruction, and other subject matter can also be used.

Chapter news not only advertises your chapter, tells what can be done when principled sportsmen earnestly organize, but leads to more chapters being formed in nearby communities.

Your ways of doing things are interesting to every member of every chapter in the League. Tower, Minn., is interested in San Antonio, Tex.; and Ocean City, N. J., in Portland, Oregon. Ideas are exchanged and valuable suggestions are passed about for increasing interest in the chapters and activities of the members.

The articles must necessarily be brief, not over a couple of hundred words and should be in by the first of each month so that proper handling can be given.

IT IS YOUR DEPARTMENT AND YOU MUST MAKE IT THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHRONICLER OF OUTDOOR HISTORY. NOW GO AHEAD AND WRITE SOME.

THE **SIOUX CITY** Rod and Gun Club with a splendid membership in Western Iowa has affiliated with the Izaak Walton League and will provide a substantial addition to the Iowa division. Officers are—E. L. Vennard, president; William D. Hogan, vice president; H. E. Walton, secretary; and H. M. Sanderson, treasurer.

STARTING out with 200 members the **MAQUOKETA** Valley Chapter of Maquoketa, Iowa, has been formed with the assurance that it will prove of tremendous assistance to the Iowa division in bringing about improvements in the game and fish code and in the matter of rendering clean and pure the splendid rivers of Iowa.

IN a series of three lectures Dr. H. J. Morlan of the Chicago chapter brought about many additional memberships and increased the already intense interest existing in the League's work in the cities of **LA CROSSE**, Wis., **WINONA**, Minn., and **WABASHA**, Minn. Dr. Morlan delivered his illustrated lecture on the

Labrador and incidentally in this upper Mississippi country secured material for a lecture on that territory. At each city there were overflow audiences.

AMONG the recent chapters formed in the Eastern section of the United States is noted **BENTLEYVILLE**, Pa., where a unit has been organized with Charles Sofsky as temporary secretary.

OZARK RIPLEY, who signs checks as J. B. Thompson, all-around sportsman and ardent Waltonian spoke to the members of the **TERRE HAUTE** chapter at a recent meeting, and aside from bringing about a substantial increase in membership, thrilled his hearers with a recital of his adventures and experiences hunting and fishing in practically every state in the Union and in various provinces of Canada.

THE Izaak Walton club of **PRAIRIE DU CHIEN** with the aid of commercial fishermen who used 25,000 feet of seine made one big sweep of Horseshoe Lake opposite



Mr. Robert McClure of Royal Oak, Mich., secured 77 new members for the Oakland County Chapter and G. Ross Thompson of Highland presented him with an English setter puppy. Just one glance shows that Mr. Setter is a thoroughbred. Mr. McClure is shown on the right. There were 250 new members came in during the campaign. Here's a good idea for other chapters!

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Izaak Walton League of America

Prairie du Chien and brought out over one hundred tubs full of sunfish, croppies, pickerel, perch and bass. These are transferred to the main channel of the Mississippi river by a squad of club members and released. To see the scurrying, scampering fishes take to the fresh water was sport that but few enjoy and fewer see done without a bit of envy. About sixty per cent of the game fish were bluegill and pumpkin seed sunfish, the balance croppies, some of which measured a foot in length. And how the fish did enjoy the open stream after a brief period of captivity! In moving the tons of live fish from the lake to the channel of the river less than forty game fish were gilled or killed—a remarkable task under only most favorable circumstances.

The feat was accomplished by Edward Hoppe, one of the upper Mississippi river fishermen and under the supervision of the conservation commission of Wisconsin.

THE following resolution regarding the Tippecanoe river drainage project has been adopted by the LA PORTE chapter of the League at a meeting where 300 were present:

WHEREAS, there is pending in the Marshall Circuit Court of the State of Indiana, a petition praying for the establishment of a drain for the purpose of straightening, deepening and widening the Tippecanoe river, in the State of Indiana. And,

WHEREAS, the said river is one of the most beautiful streams in the Mississippi Valley and is greatly beloved by lovers of the "outdoors" throughout the region. And,

WHEREAS, the drainage project as proposed would not make available any additional amount of farm lands and would destroy the scenic beauty of this famous stream, and would occasion enormous expense, to be paid for by farmers, property owners and other persons who would not be directly benefited thereby. And,

WHEREAS, the Department of Conservation, headed by the Hon. Richard Lieber, is now conducting a fight against said drainage project.

NOW, THEREFORE, be it Resolved that the La Porte Chapter of the

Izaak Walton League of America, of La Porte, Indiana, hereby commends the Department of Conservation in its fight to save and perpetuate the natural and scenic beauty of the Tippecanoe river, and does hereby pledge its support in any manner possible for the defeat of

such project, and that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Hon. Richard Lieber, head of the Department of Conservation, at Indianapolis, Indiana, and Will H. Dilg, president of the Izaak Walton League of America, at Chicago, Illinois, and the public press of the city of La Porte.

ORGANIZATION of NEGAUNEE chapter, with over forty members, was perfected at a meeting held in the city hall here Wednesday evening. The new organization recently received a charter from the national headquarters of the League in Chicago.

The Negaunee chapter of the Izaak Walton League is the outgrowth of the announced desire of the sportsmen in Negaunee and vicinity to avail themselves of every possible opportunity to assist in the furtherance of conservation movements.

In electing to form a chapter of the League here, those who promoted the idea wish to make it clear that while there is no desire on their part to minimize the good which is being done by the state, county and district sportsmen's organization, they feel that even greater good can be accomplished through the national influence of the League.

Officers of the new chapter, who also hold similar offices with the Rod and Gun Club, are: R. S. Archibald, president; M. G. Gabriele, secretary and treasurer; Charles Leaf, Anton Hansen, John Peel, J. W. Paralla and J. J. Hauserman, vice presidents and executive committeemen.

AT a meeting of the LOUISVILLE chapter of 500 sportsmen at the Elks Auditorium, there was passed a resolution petitioning Congress to purchase and maintain as a national preserve the Winneshiek bottom lands of the upper Mississippi, and the Louisville chapter went on record (Continued on page 248)

Bulletin to Program Committees

Now Available to IZAAK WALTON Chapters, the Most Remarkable MOTION PICTURE of the Paradise of the Brook Trout, entitled

Fishing Days on the Nipigon

In three superlative reels, showing the World-famous Lake and Thundering River, Rapids, Whirlpools and Crashing Waters! With Waltonian Sportsmen taking with Fly and Reel the Big Brook Trout, Giant Great Northern Pike and other Game Fish

Read What They Say!

Senator Medill McCormick

Beautiful, thrilling and in all ways inspiring is this series of Nipigon fishing pictures.

George E. Scott

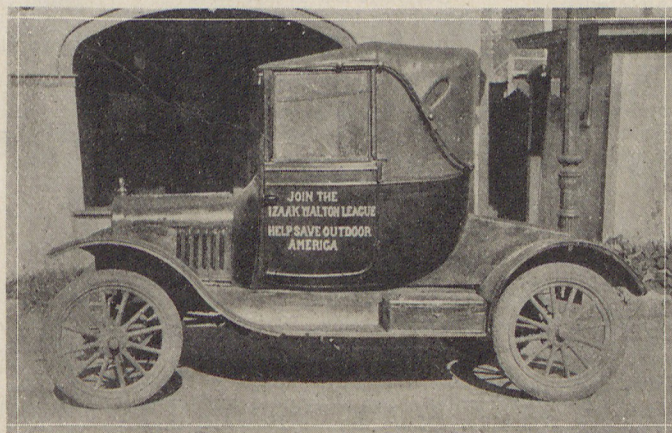
Splendid pictures, depicting faithfully the wonders of this famous Nipigon country.

Will H. Dilg

I cannot too heartily recommend these pictures for showing by the chapters. They bring closer the supreme necessity of preserving our own wild things and wild places.

Financed by the Milwaukee Chapter and dedicated to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

For terms and dates, address SHERMAN BROWN, Treas., Milwaukee Chapter



When D. D. Conger, president of the Ida Grove, Iowa, Chapter, takes his pet stiver out for an airing the whole world reads a blazing message. Mr. Conger now can talk about the League and those too far away to hear his voice can read the message. Yes, he is a member of the publicity committee of the Iowa division

The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00



A Big Chance for the Outdoor Boy

A personal letter from the Pres. of the I. W. L. A. to every outdoor loving American boy

MY dear young friend:

I hope you are a fishing and a hunting boy, because then I know you will like "Outdoor America" from cover to cover. At the start-off I want you to know that this magazine was started to help the American boy so that he will always have a place to hunt and fish. If the American boys were not being cheated of what rightfully belongs to them there would be no Izaak Walton League.

I must tell you though, at the start, that "Outdoor America" is more than just the regular sort of an outdoor magazine. "Outdoor America" has no stockholders—it is owned by all of the members of this League and all of the profits will be used to help us to win our fight.

Now, if I were a boy, I would surely want to win some of the fine prizes the League is offering for subscriptions, and to make my work easy I would solicit principally fishermen and hunters, and if my Dad loved these sports I would begin with him and I would ask him to give me the names of the men in my town who love to fish and hunt.

Any boy who will follow this advice will find it soft and easy to get subscriptions for "Outdoor America." It is important for you to understand that at one dollar per year "Outdoor America" is a gift, and when you get a sportsman to subscribe for it you are doing him a big favor.

All of the great outdoor American writers write for it without pay, and the best artists in America make its illustrations also without pay. There is no other magazine in the world just like "Outdoor America" and you must always keep that in mind.

I want you to know, my boy, that you are doing a fine thing when you help us to increase the circulation of "Outdoor America" because the more men and women we can get to take it the quicker it will be possible for this League to restore good sport in our country for you and other boys. If you will stop and seriously think I know that you will agree that "Outdoor America" is making a fight in which you are interested and if you will think a little deeper you will see that it is up to the American boy to help the Izaak Walton League of America win, so that you and the boys of the future may enjoy the sports of your ancestors.

If you and I could sit down by some stream and quietly talk over this matter I know that you would be fired with the desire to help this cause just as I am, and here I might tell you I get no pay for working for this cause. I founded it twenty-two months ago today and I have worked early and late to help the League to win and if you knew that the writer of this letter loved boys more than anything else in this world, and wants them to enjoy the great pleasures he has had then you would perhaps work just a little harder.

I shall be glad to send you some subscription blanks, and a folder showing illustrations of the awards. Send your subscriptions to me with a check or money order to cover, to 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, and tell me what you want. I will send it to you promptly.

Now, if there is anything in this letter which you do not understand I will be glad to have you write me, and I will give you a personal answer.

With all my heart, I am

Faithfully yours,

WILL H. DILG, Pres., I. W. L. A.

Here are a few of the awards. Send in for illustrated folder showing complete list.

Brings Entertainment from 1,000 Miles Away!

300 SUBSCRIPTIONS

With this set in your home you can select your programs from all of the stations broadcasting in approximately a 1,000 mile radius. A TURN OF A KNOB—and you change your entertainment from music to oratory; from lectures to statistics; the many programs are so varied that you entertain yourself according to your preferences.

The "Radiola V" set is complete with all parts necessary for use. It is a dry cell set—no wet batteries are used.

Receives on wave lengths from 180 to 750 meters. The tuner and amplifier units are contained in two mahogany finish metal cabinets, about 11x9x9 inches each, joined by a base and top plate.

Outfit consists of:

- 1 "Radiola V" tuner and amplifier.
- 3 only UV199 3-volt tubes.
- 3 only socket adapters.
- 1 Pair Brandes head phones.
- 1 phone plug.
- 4 only 22½ volt B batteries.
- 3 only dry cell batteries.
- 1 complete aerial outfit with wire, insulators, lightning arresters, etc.

ORDER BY NUMBER

6492—"Radiola V" Long Distance Receiving Set, Complete.

Gold Filled Eversharp Pencil and Wahl Pen

20 SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Eversharp combination—Eversharp pencil and Wahl pen, in a satin and plush lined case. Wahl construction and careful workmanship make this set a very dependable one.

Gold filled with handsome chased design. Full length pencil, 5¼ inches with pocket clip. Self-filling pen, 4¾ inches, with 14K gold pen and smooth writing iridium point.

ORDER BY NUMBER

5011 Eversharp Pen and Pencil Outfit.

If You Like to Skate—Try These Skates

5 SUBSCRIPTIONS

You'll like these skates—they are the last word in good ice skates. Toe plates and clamps made from the best quality rolled steel. Correctly designed. Easy to sharpen and they stay sharp for a long time.

ORDER BY NUMBER

6631 For Men and Boys. Sizes 9½ to 11½ STATE SIZE.

New Pump Action, 50 Shot Air Rifle

10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

A rifle that will teach the young sportsman how to handle and care for a rifle. New pump action—50 shot repeater. 37 inches long. Weight 3 pounds, 4 ounces. Has adjustable rear sight. Blue steel finish.

ORDER BY NUMBER

2637—Pump Action Air Rifle.

The "Speeder" Skate and Shoe Outfit

15 SUBSCRIPTIONS

This is the skating outfit that the expert skater prefers—a keen, hardened steel blade that bites the ice firmly but lets go easily, and a shoe that supports the ankle without binding or rubbing.

This skate has an extra fine quality hardened steel runner that holds its edge, cold rolled steel tops, nicked and polished and securely fastened to the shoe.

The shoe has soft calf uppers. Laced from toe to top. Reinforced against strain with 2 web tapes. Goodyear welt. Natural oak soles with waterproof elk insert.

Sizes for men or boys.

ORDER BY NUMBER

6642—For Men or Boys, sizes 4 to 11. STATE SIZE.

A Better Indoor Baseball

3 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Indoor baseball is a wonderful sport and this high quality indoor baseball will aid in its popularity. The cover is the finest quality chrome tanned grained horsehide that stands wear. It is an outseam ball, with double stitching. Filled with genuine "Kapok." 12-inch size.

ORDER BY NUMBER

647—Indoor Baseball.

One subscription entitles you to a subscription FREE.

Ingersoll Radiolite Watch Tells Time in Dark

5 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Tells time day or night—and correctly, too, for it is a genuine Ingersoll. It is the famous "Yankee" model, 16 size (about 2 inches in diameter). Open face with strong crystal. Nickel finish.

ORDER BY NUMBER
7253 "Yankee" Radiolite 16 Size.

Page Lewis .22 Cal. Take Down Rifle

10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

This strongly built little rifle has many of the good features of the larger and more powerful guns. The bolt action is preferred by many, and the take down feature is another advantage.

Blued steel round barrels. Takes short, long or long rifle cartridges. .22 cal. with 20-inch barrel. 37½ inches long over all. Dark stained oil finish stock and fore end.

ORDER BY NUMBER
6150 Page Lewis .22 Cal. Rifle.

The Famous "Radiola Sr." Complete Receiving Outfit

150 SUBSCRIPTIONS

This is a fine radio outfit for the beginner. It is a product of the Radio Corporation of America and is a standard product throughout.

A very simple set to set up and operate because it uses a dry cell battery to operate the vacuum tube detector set. Will receive stations broadcasting on wave lengths from 200 to 500 meters, under favorable conditions for several hundred miles.

The receiving set is contained in a small mahogany cabinet, 7x8½x7¼ inches. The outfit is complete and all ready to erect the antenna, connect the set and listen to the marvelous sounds that ride through the air.

ORDER BY NUMBER
7929—"Radiola Sr." Complete Receiving Set.

Are Your Clubs Just Right?

60 SUBSCRIPTIONS

If you're off your game a bit, perhaps your clubs have something to do with it. Are they just right for you? A club should fit in with your style of playing and be easy and comfortable to use hole after hole.

These clubs are the famous Wilsons "Plus Success" brand. Made by experts who are proud of their ability to make "playable" clubs. Shafts selected and weather seasoned. Viscolized calfskin grips. Forged, polished steel heads. The outfit consists of 4 clubs—brassie, midiron, mashie and putter. 3 Standard official Wilson "Success" balls. 1 5-inch heavy canvas bag.

ORDER BY NUMBER
801—Wilson Golf Set.

A Pocket Knife That Cuts

3 SUBSCRIPTIONS

A trusty knife, with excellent steel blades. You'll find a hundred uses for a knife like this.

2 sharp steel blades, mirror polished and etched. Stag handle with nickel silver shield.

ORDER BY NUMBER
6055—Pocket Knife.

The League's magazine makes a good Christmas present—Subscribe now—\$1.00

Reliable Watch—This 17 Jewel Elgin

50 SUBSCRIPTIONS

When you buy an Elgin you get a watch for a lifetime. If you are not thoroughly posted on watch construction and design depend upon the Elgin name—it is a guarantee of high quality and satisfactory service.

This watch has a 20 year guaranteed gold filled case. 17 jewel movement. 12 size (about 1¾ inches in diameter). Open face.

ORDER BY NUMBER
18-17—Elgin 17 Jewel Watch.

Everything Necessary for an Outing Trip

300 SUBSCRIPTIONS

"I forgot"—is a poor excuse when you're on a camping trip and miles away from the source of supply—and some necessary article turns up missing. If you're starting on a trip it's well to know that your outfit is complete.

This outfit has been selected to cover the necessary equipment for a party of four people for a long or short trip.

Every article on the list is top-notch quality and will give the best of service. The outfit consists of:

- 1 storm proof tent. Size 14 by 16 ft. Waterproof. Complete with poles.
- 4 camp cots. Folding. Canvas tops.
- 2 camp stools. Folding. Canvas tops.
- 1 table. Folding. Wood top.
- 1 stove. Gasoline. Take-down style.
- ½ dozen knives and forks.
- 2 butcher knives.
- 1 dozen teaspoons.
- ½ dozen table spoons.
- 2 frying pans.
- 1 coffee pot.
- ½ dozen cups and saucers.
- 1 dozen pie plates.
- 1 cooking set. Pots and pans, etc.
- 1 kitchen set. Knives, forks, spoons, etc.

- 1 flashlight.
- 1 hatchet.
- 1 axe.
- ½ dozen canvas gloves.
- 1 first aid belt.
- 2 mirrors. Metal bound with hook.
- 4 sleeping bags. Army style. Felt.
- 1 Gun. Savage sport rifle .22 cal. Latest model.
- 1 Thermos jug. Genuine Thermos. 1 Gallon capacity.
- 4 blankets. Olive drab, size 66 by 80. Weight about 3 lbs. 95% wool.

ORDER BY NAME
1 Only Camping Outfit for 4 People.

Combination Signal and Search Light

(Red, green and white bulbs)

10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

The most practical searchlight for camping for it has three battery cells operating three lights—no chance to be without light on account of exhausted batteries.

Also a signal light—the red, green and white bulbs may be operated independently to form code signals. Three white lights may be used if desired.

Size: 3¾ by 9¾ inches. Heavy vulcanized fibre case. All metal parts nickel plated.

ORDER BY NUMBER
7747—Three-In-One Search Light.

"Mengel" Radio Crystal Receiving Set

20 SUBSCRIPTIONS

The "Mengel" is a compact crystal set that gives very clear reception up to approximately 25 miles. Very easy to operate; requires no experience.

The standard crystal receiving set is enclosed in a solid mahogany cabinet, 6 inches long, 4 inches wide and 1¾ inches high. The complete set includes a pair of 2,000 ohm head phones and an antenna outfit with wire, insulators, arresters, etc.

ORDER BY NUMBER
9440—"Mengel" Radio Crystal Receiving Set.

"Audiola" 6-Volt Complete Receiving Outfit

100 SUBSCRIPTIONS

A simplified radio receiving set that gives the amateur radio enthusiast the finest possible results. Small, compact, easy to operate—only two adjustments. Range from 300 to 600 meters.

Complete with 6-Volt Equipment

The 6-volt tube equipment is less susceptible to outside vibrations and thus gives clearer reception than sets with smaller voltage tubes. Complete as follows:

- 1 only "Audiola" Receiving Set.
- 1 only pair 3,000 ohm phones.
- 1 only 22½ volt "B" battery.
- 1 only 6-volt UV 201-A Tube.
- 1 only (6-60) Storage battery.
- 1 only Special complete aerial outfit consisting of wire insulator, lightning arrester, etc.

ORDER BY NUMBER
9809—"Audiola" 6-Volt Tube Set Complete.

Healthful Exercise for Indoors

30 SUBSCRIPTIONS

A punching bag with this platform outfit invites daily exercise even if you can't get out of doors. It's great for developing the chest, arm and waist muscles, and it trains the eyes to be alert and quick of perception.

The pear shaped punching bag has a cover of light brown horsehide. Seams are double stitched and welted with black leather. Heavy canvas lining.

The platform has a double braced hardwood frame, with a 2-inch enameled steel ring. Ball bearing swivel. The frame is rigid and there is practically no noise when the bag hits the frame. For home or gym.

ORDER BY NUMBER
5290-5236—Punching Bag and Frame.

It's a Stevens!

20 SUBSCRIPTIONS

The name Stevens is in itself a guarantee of a straight shooting, hard-hitting rifle that will stand up with the best of them.

This "Favorite" .22 cal. Stevens rifle has a break down lever action, automatic ejector, 24-inch round barrel, Rocky Mountain front and sport rear sight. A handy size gun for small game, target shooting, etc. Light in weight; easy to carry.

ORDER BY NUMBER
6167—Stevens .22 Caliber Rifle.

Game Rifles—

(Continued from page 223)

like. If you expect to use the rifle on such intermediate game the long rifle cartridge, of course, is better.

You should always use the Hollow Point Greased Smokeless ammunition. The killing power of this bullet in both the short and long rifle, is a revelation. I have fired between three- and four-thousand rounds through my Model 24, chambered for the .22 short, and it has never failed to function perfectly. As a test, I have fired nearly six hundred rounds without cleaning, and while the mechanism becomes very dirty with that much firing, yet it is easily cleaned, even when Les-Smoke is used. The use of the Smokeless Greased cartridge, as it is now manufactured by the Remington Company, is just as safe, so far as expansion of the barrel or corrosion are concerned, and the dirt in the mechanism is infinitely less. You will find stamped in the barrel, the fact that the rifle is adapted to the use of Smokeless powder. The ease with which the mechanism may be removed from the rifle instantly by a slight thumb pressure, and cleaned, makes it ideal. I would never advise the purchase of a modern rifle that could not be cleaned from the breech. The take-down on this rifle is at once instantaneous and perfectly rigid. In cleaning you should be very careful to wipe the mechanism clean to the minutest part, and oil well before laying it away; then you will have no trouble. The finest feature of the rifle, so far as actual shooting qualities are concerned, is in the sights. This little gun has the best factory sights that I know of. They can be used in any light where a rifle can be fired with accuracy. The groupings you can obtain with this little gun are surprisingly close. The only objection to the rifle is its weight and the length of the stock. It is a feather-weight indeed, and the stock is too short for anything but a boy. However, this objection applies to all of the rifles mentioned. I cannot understand why the gun companies do not put man size stocks on these rifles.

Barrel Lengths and 12 Gauge Range

Q. Would you kindly decide a friendly argument? "A" states that the killing range of a 12 gauge shot reaches its maximum with the 28-inch barrel. "B" states that the same gun with a 30- or a 32-inch barrel has a greater killing range. It is, of course, understood that the guns are the same, the choke the same, and the loads are the same. The only difference being in the length of the barrels.

A. My personal experience with shotgun barrels of 28-, 30- and 32-inch lengths has been largely limited to field work and observation. However, one of my associates has experimented considerably to determine whether the killing range of a 12-gauge gun reaches its maximum with the 28-inch barrel. The laws governing in the premises are considered well settled.

First, let us consider the cylinder bored shotgun. With this type of barrel, and within the limits where the friction of shot and wadding against the barrels do not neutralize the expansive power of the gases, we have found that the longer the range, the better the pattern. This is true because of certain undisputed facts, viz., the longer the gases are confined behind the powder, a complementary increase of velocity is imparted to the shot. This is true until the drag of the charge on the walls of the barrels equals the expansive power of the gases. Accordingly, the gases have more time to expand before the charge reaches the muzzle with the longer barrels, and in consequence, the gas pressure is reduced by the length of the barrel, or rather the length of time it is confined in the barrel, so that when the shot emerges from the muzzle, the restricted gas pressure has less tendency to break up the pattern, leaving the charge more evenly distributed. Consider-

ing the subject more minutely, at the instant when the wad immediately behind the shot is just flush with the muzzle, the charge is in the air unsupported for the first time by any barrel walls, or anything else; the resistance of the air is in the front, and the pressure of the gas behind the wad is in the rear. Necessarily, an upset results to the shot charge. This upset is reduced as the length of the barrel is increased. However, the upset, whatever its degree, imparts to the individual shot pellets a lateral motion or direction, which continues at a gradually increasing angle throughout the flight of the charge, as there is no wall or restraining force to stop the tendency. As a result, the pattern or spread continues to open up to the end of the flight. There is no way to eliminate, or even reduce, this spread, except by decreasing the pressure against the base wad under the shot. The longer the barrel, the stronger the tendency is to reduce this gas pressure at the base.

Therefore, unless the powder charge is reduced, the tendency to scatter the load is reduced only by the increase in the barrel length. A half century ago the truth of the statements above made was discovered by our ancestors, who increased the length of their gun barrels for the purpose of holding the charge together until it arrived at the tops of the tall trees of virgin forests, where the quarry was usually squirrels. Barrels up to 40 inches in length were common until they were displaced by the modern so-called choke bore.

Relative to the choke bores, there is no reason why the same rules would not apply, the choke having only the tendency to increase shot concentration; but being an artificial arrangement tends against an even distribution of the pattern, which bunches the greater portion of the charge, but does not distribute it as evenly as the cylinder bore.

Leading in the .22

Q. Can you please tell me the cause of a new rifle leading? The gun is a Savage Sporter, bolt action, .22.

A. Your inquiry does not supply sufficient facts from which any certain conclusion can be drawn. The make and kind of ammunition you were using, the number of shots fired between cleanings, and the condition of barrel when firing was commenced, are all facts necessary to be known before intelligent advice can be given.

If the bullets were not properly greased, of course, leading would result from their use in any rifle. I cannot believe that the Savage Sporter is any more susceptible to leading than any other .22 under equal conditions.

The failure to remove all the heavy grease from the rifle when it came from the factory might cause the barrel to foul. The use of short ammunition in a barrel chambered for the long rifle will quickly start fouling at the breech, and in addition, will cause expansion in the space of the barrel between the lengths of the short casing, and the long rifle casing. Les-Smoke Powder used without the most careful cleaning, every forty or fifty shots, is a common cause of leading. I have also found Les-Smoke more productive of rust and complementary fouling of all kinds, including leading, than the new smokeless powders which are now procurable for both the short and long rifle. As a test, I fired six hundred rounds of smokeless greased shorts through a Remington Model 24, without cleaning, and the gun was in no worse condition than fifty shots ordinarily make it, using Les-Smoke.

However, since you have a new rifle, the leading may be easily removed by the use of the Marble brush and Captain Basil Middleton's Sol-Vol. You will be surprised at what this combination will do, if the brush, a rag saturated with Sol-Vol, and a dry rag, are used alternately two or three times.

A thrilling serial by Ben East
Illustrated by
Charles Livingston Bull

entitled
THE ALBINO BUCK
will begin in the January issue



Senator McCormick's Speech

(Continued from page 225)
and I have and which we shall carry with us to our graves, even though we never take the trail again.

We do not purpose to permit our children to be cheated of that which we have enjoyed in our time!

It was inevitable that even in America after the great conflict came to an end, there should have been some relaxation of effort, that men and women who had given of the best that was in them to the common cause should busy themselves with their private concerns. How marvelous it is that that period should have been so short, that so soon after the struggle, so soon after the short time men and women have given to their private enterprises, the public conscience of America should have been touched again, and that those men and women again should engage in the service of the commonwealth!

That which you have undertaken to do in itself is a great work, but that which it implies is greater still. You are interested in the cause of the Republic, doing not for yourselves alone, but for all the people of America; not for this generation alone but for all the generations to come. In your keeping the greatest heritage among men will be secure against all dangers which may beset it.

2,000 Buffalo Sentenced to Die

(Special to The Free Press.)

Ottawa, Aug. 29.—Canada's buffalo herd has increased so rapidly that it has been determined to kill 2,000 of them in the Wainwright Park, Alberta.

It is about 15 years ago that this herd of 2,000 was purchased from Montana and it has now increased to over 8,000. Two hundred and fifty were shot and sold last year.

The contract for killing the present quota of 2,000 has been awarded to A. S. Duclos, Edmonton, who must shoot them on the open range and who will receive one and one-eighth cents per pound of dressed carcasses.

The heads will be sold as well as part of the skins. The remainder will be used for winter coats for the Royal Northwest Mounted police.

Why not the U. S. purchase these and have a real herd? The buffalo in this country will soon be extinct, so I read.

For the Boys of Our Boys

By CHARLES HEDDON

Tonight, through my dream,
Flows the dear fishin' stream,
Back by my boyhood town;
And the sweet rural twang,
Of my old country gang,
Is a mem'ry the years cannot drown.

No worldly success,
Nor all we possess,
Can bring us such measure of joy,
As the plain hick'ry pole,
And the old fishin' hole,
We knew when a barefooted boy.

Though teaching of schools,
With hard and fast rules,
May gain us ambition's high goal,
It's the old fishin' stream
With it's mem'ries a gleam,
That broadens and hallows the soul.

Oh, how my young heart,
Would quicken and start,
When Dad took me down to the bend;

(And I've ever been glad,
He was MORE than a Dad—
He was even a pal—and a friend.)

But commerce has claimed,
And commerce has drained,
Its sweet-flowing soul from its bed;
And the old crossing stones,
Like sun-bleaching bones,
Stand a' gaunt, as a tomb for the dead.

Can we not understand
That our own cherished land,
Now bleeds from the rape of cold lust;
And to stand idly by
And see Nature die,
Proves us false to a God-given trust?

Oh, I'm wond'ring tonight
If the Lord, in His might,
Will arouse us to Nature's sad plea?
Shall the boys of our boys,
Know the same wholesome joys,
God lavishly gave you and me?

BOOKS ABOUT THE REAL SOUTH

"Plantation Game Trails"

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey.—N. Y. Evening Post.

"One of the best books of the day."—Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch.

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"A pure delight to every lover of nature."—Detroit Journal.

"This book by a native of the South is a genuine contribution to our literature of the great out-doors."—Boston Transcript.

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About Our Forests

(Continued from page 221)

as they harvested at the end of the twenty years, they could have again cut over the same area without having to ship wood from distant points unless it were desirable to increase operations. And at the end of the second going over of the same area the whole procedure could be carried out again and again instead of leaving a half-way productive area of miscellaneous growth in possession of the land. And there would not be the inevitable poorly located mill to be abandoned as soon as the source of the wood supply crept too far afield.

That some of the large lumber companies are awake to the possibilities of practicing forestry on a large scale is attested by the following quotation from the Detroit News of March 31, 1923. Senator James Couzens of Detroit, who had been on a trip of investigation and inspection of the reforestation projects in some of the southern states, was quoted: "The degree to which many Southern lumber producers are taking up reforestation, even under existing adverse conditions was an encouraging feature of our hearings. For instance Bogalousa, La., is a city established in the middle of what, fourteen years ago, was a virgin pine forest. The Southern Lumber Company, which is promoting the enterprise, is proceeding on the expectation that, by the time their original timber is cut, they will have grown a new crop, and that they will be able to maintain their business permanently on its present basis."

In the same article the question of taxation on reforested lands is discussed. "The fundamental of the Louisiana law is the reducing of taxes on lands during the unproductive period of reforestation, the state being reimbursed with its proper revenue later by a tax of ten per cent or more on the ultimate lumber yield. In return for this concession, land owners bind themselves not to cut any growing timber until the trees have reached a specified size, and then to limit their cut so that the reforestation process will be continued permanently."

It is not to be doubted that industry

is becoming alert to our diminishing supply of wood. Already the start has been made to perpetuate in forest growth some areas that would otherwise be unproductive waste lands. But we must remember that this great work is only in its infancy; that it is still young and tender and that it will not withstand unwise taxation or the avoidable great losses due to man's carelessness in the handling or rather the mis-handling of fire. With characteristic American vigor and ingenuity our forests will be perpetuated and replaced with proportionate intensity to the swing of the economic tune (or time) rather than to sentimental and kindred causes, although these, too, will have an influence. But because of the newness of the problem to us, and chiefly because of the time element characteristic of this work, we must look farther into the future, else a timber shortage will surely be upon us with all of its undesirable attendants.

Government policy in forestry projects and particularly in the matter of reforestation should receive the staunchest of support. Lands which have reverted back to the state for taxes, even for the second or third time, after having been taken up and cut over, should be, unless so extensive as to be a burden, reforested and administered in the business of growing timber under state control, whether such lands happen to be in your county or in mine. And the good work on the national forests should be continued, intensified, and expanded. Such properties can be made to pay their way now, even after making liberal, although questionably necessary allowances for the renowned inefficiency of government handling.

More and more as we spin along at the terrific rate of twentieth century progress we look for places where the nation can play—The open places, the woods, the streams, the lakes, the out-of-doors where we can tramp or tour, fish, hunt or camp for a month or a week now and then, or just for a half day breathing spell away from the city. We have come to an appreciation of the great intangible value of the recreation which we derive in this way. Small wonder that these jaunts furnish us so much indefinable pleasure, for man is not really far removed from the wan-

dering hunter. James Harvey Robinson's splendid recent book, "The Mind in the Making," gives a vivid perspective of human achievements. " . . . let us imagine the whole laborious attainments of mankind compressed into the compass of a single lifetime. Let us assume that a single generation of men have in 50 years managed to accumulate all that now passes for civilization. They would have to start, as all individuals do, absolutely uncivilized, and their task would be to recapitulate what has occupied the race for, let us guess, at least 500,000 years. Each year in the life of the generation would therefore correspond to 10,000 years in the progress of the race.

"On this scale it would require 49 years to reach a point of intelligence which would enable our self-taught generation to give up their ancient and inveterate habits of wandering hunters and settle down here and there to till the ground, harvest their crops, domesticate animals, and weave their rough garments. Six months later, or half through the fiftieth year, some of them, in a particularly favorable situation, would have invented writing and thus established a wonderful means of spreading and perpetuating civilization. Three months later another group would have carried literature, art, and philosophy to a high degree of refinement and set standards for the succeeding weeks. For two months our generation would have been living under the blessings of Christianity; the printing press would be but a fortnight old and they would not have had the steam engine for quite a week. For two or three days they would have been hastening about the globe in steamships and railroad trains, and only yesterday would they have come upon the magical possibilities of electricity. Within the last few years they would have learned to sail in the air and beneath the waters, and have forthwith applied their newest discoveries to the prosecution of a magnificent war on a scale befitting their high ideals and new resources." We are indeed only recently removed from a life in the open. Is it to be wondered at that we frequently long for a view of the distant horizon, to be enthralled by a camp fire, or to try our more primitive skill occasionally in taking a few fish or some game?

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Superior National Forest Boundary Extension

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

By PAUL B. RIIS
Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Ass'n

THAT the present holdings of the Superior National Forest may be preserved and protected for all time to come, the Superior National Forest Recreation Association has asked Senator Medill McCormick to introduce a bill in the Senate, and one by Congressman Charles E. Fuller in the House, the first Monday in December, authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to examine and locate for acquirement any lands in private ownership within or adjoining the Superior National Forest which, in his judgment, are chiefly valuable for the production of timber or for protection of stream flow. The area to be included covers upward of two million acres. To make possible this purchase, Congress is asked to appropriate up to thirty million dollars.

Last April, on the floor of the Duluth Conference, in protest against auto roads through the Superior National Forest, the newly organized Superior National Forest Recreation Association pledged itself to assist the United States Forest Service in a program to purchase by timber exchanged, lands privately owned within the Forest and to extend the boundaries of the Forest by including much adjacent territory typical of the region. This bill is in redemption of that pledge.

It must be remembered that the auto roads were the outcome of combined desires on the part of the Forest Service, the Forest Communities, and the State of Minnesota to serve individual purposes that would have destroyed the best recreational values of the Forest. The fractional ownership of the Forest by the people today is still in jeopardy so long as the State of Minnesota and the individual owners insist on their legal rights. Thus we find this area in its present outline nationally owned by one hundred ten million people but hopelessly at the mercy of perhaps no more than ten thousand speculative owners.

The proposed extension includes that part of Minnesota from a point approximately twenty-five miles north of Duluth, north to the Canadian boundary, and all the territory east of this, lying between Lake Superior and Canada.

The isolation of its four component parts, surrounded by State Administration lands, subjects the Forests to all

the hazards of State land fires. Although the State Forest Service maintains its ranger stations and lookouts, lack of funds and equipment impair the efficiency of its splendid personnel in putting out fires in their early stages. The U. S. Forest Service is handicapped in taking a hand unless wired instructions and expense guaranties from the State Capitol at St. Paul are forthcoming, and much valuable time is lost and fires gain headway.

Private ownership invites settlers in-

Considerable impetus was given the movement of forest extension at a meeting in Cloquet, Minn., May 12, 1923, where such outstanding figures as Gov. Preus, of Minnesota, the Chief Forester of the United States Forest Service, W. B. Greeley, State Forester Cox, Fred D. Vibert, Forestry Expert, Charles L. Cecil, Cornell Forest Product Co., and a number of distinguished senators and forestry experts seriously discussed the enlargement of the present forest as a national need in building up our vanished forests and to save what few remain, place them under State and National control for the purposes of lumbering control and reforestation and perpetual supply of timber.

Another preliminary step to the introduction of the bill was a meeting of the principal land-owners, held at Duluth, Oct. 8, 1923. This meeting was called for the sole purpose of learning the attitude of those men vitally interested from the standpoint of personal ownership. The scope of the proposed bill was discussed from every possible angle with the result that not a negative vote was cast.

The writer has just returned from a three

weeks' trip of inspection of the forest, in which five hundred miles were covered.

Nature is constantly at work counteracting the ravages of fire. Ultimate natural reforestation over the entire area is a foregone conclusion if fires are controlled.

Again we ask every friend of conservation to put his shoulder to the wheel. The Superior National Forest Recreation Association has done all it is humanly possible for it to do. It is your campaign, a fight for the preservation of a wilderness lake country of a beauty that is indescribable, where you may go to revive your own flagging spirits and build up your own bodies, where your children and their children after them may go to enjoy the heritage that has come down to us from the ages.

Write your Senator and Congressman that this bill must have their support, that they must fight for its passage as their own part in preserving this wonderland for their own children and posterity.

Facts About the Proposed Superior National Forest Extension

The Superior National Forest is located near the Canadian border in that section of Minnesota lying east of Duluth between Lake Superior and the international boundary.

It has a combined area of 1,268,538 acres.

Of these, 411,000 acres, or 32%, are privately owned.

The Forest lies in four separated sections.

Economic exploitation of the private lands within the forest boundaries seriously hampers permanent timber resources of this section.

Economic exploitation of the intervening areas presents a parallel threat. These lands should be secured for the public to insure best use for future timber production and protection.

Seventy per cent of our original timber is gone. We are using timber $4\frac{1}{2}$ times faster than it is growing. Fifty-one per cent of the remaining timber supplies lie beyond the Rocky Mountains. It costs \$18.00 per thousand feet or \$400.00 per carload on lumber from the Pacific Coast to Chicago.

Minnesota contains about 20 million acres of typical forest lands in all stages of reproduction. Minnesota in 1899 produced 2,341,619,000 ft. of lumber and ranked third as a timber producing state. Minnesota in 1920 produced 576,300,000 feet of timber and ranked 19th as timber producing state. The lands which grew this timber harvested in 1899 are in many cases not suited to anything but forest use. Much of this territory is not being handled to produce timber so sorely needed. Inclusion of lands in public forests insures continued productivity as forests.

Proper forest administration of such lands is a National economic necessity of first magnitude.

There are none more typical timber lands in the State of Minnesota than those surrounding the Superior National Forest. There are none more exclusively valuable lands for timber production in the State than those within and adjacent to the Superior National Forest. Approximately 90% of the total area is producing timber in all stages of growth. This growth conservatively may be placed at 50 million board feet per year at an annual increase of \$150,000.

The proposed area is typical of the section with conditions similar or identical and needs the best of protection and administration.

An addition to the Superior National Forest is proposed which will

1st—Consolidates the four disassociated divisions of the Forest.

2nd—Provide for consolidation of public properties and purchase lands within the present boundaries.

3rd—Extend the boundaries to include typical forest lands in this section which are principally suited to forest production.

We ask your wholehearted support of this measure. The bill is endorsed by the United States Forest Service, American Institute of Park Executives, and Izaak Walton League of America and sponsored by the Superior National Forest Recreation Association.

Will you assist us to secure this wholly desirable legislation?

to sections where the deposits of stream beds and flood plains tempt modest farming. There is little or no agricultural land to be found in the region encompassed by the present Forest boundaries. Small communities on the threshold, who, by reason of meager agricultural possibilities, have invited settlers, are a very serious fire menace at all times. The region is so exclusively timber land type that agricultural attempts should not be forced upon it beyond that of taking care of existing and future community needs, or where the lands are more suitable for agricultural purposes than silviculture.

A trip through the territory will impress the merest tyro that the lands are being put to their highest possible use as forest lands. Topography, ever present ledges, vast water surfaces, thin soils, with a predominant admixture of glacially crushed rock and difficulty of access are the elements arrayed against agricultural exploitation and are ideal factors in assuring a perpetual supply of much needed timber.



Smiling Bill tells how to have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Hello Fellers! Merry Christmas!

Yes, I am back again, but it's not the same old Bill. I've been "born again" and I am off of barbed hooks for life. Do you know how it feels to realize that never again as long as you live will you ever needlessly kill or injure an innocent little fish that lived but to furnish you sport if you'd only let him. It sure does make you feel chesty. Makes you feel as though you could look any old trout or bass square in the eye without blushing for shame of the things you had done to his babies.

When I brag about my new barbless hook some of the fellows think I am crazy, some think I am a fool and others are sure that I am just a plain able-bodied journeyman liar. But it don't worry me none at all, for I know they are all mistaken. Even if I would lie about it, such men as Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, Fred Peet, Bill Dilg, Ed. Taylor, "Ozark Ripley," Henry Ward, Frank Stick, O. W. Smith, Sheridan R. Jones, Robert Page Lincoln, Fred J. Lane, Rev. Arthur Requa and others of the same class would not. You know blamed well they wouldn't say the great things they do about my barbless hook unless they knew from personal experience that they were absolutely true and indisputable.

We have all they say about it printed up fine, along with a lot of photos of fine catches of everything from brook trout up to muskellunge, which we will be glad to send you on request. After giving these letters and photos the "once over" you will have some new ideas about our barbless hook, and you will be proud to fall in line with these well known gentlemen who have been sportsmen enough to come out and declare themselves to the world for the good of the game.

This is going to be the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year of my life and if you want the same to apply to you just swear off on barbed hooks and send some of your fishing pals a few of our barbless flies for a Christmas present and tell them to go to it and be happy, too.

Bill Jamison,

P. S.—Also send some hooks to your fly tying friends.



Send for our great list of testimonials and photos and our list of patterns of wet and dry flies for both trout and bass fishing. Write now while you think of it.



The W. J. Jamison Co.
Dept. W.

739 South California Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

A Fish Hook of Actual and Potential Importance

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

RECENTLY I received from Mr. W. J. Jamison, of Chicago, a sample of his new invention, a barbless hook with a "hump," and some neat and attractive trout flies tied on the new hook No. 12. The hook, itself, is an entirely new and original invention, so far as I am aware, and is well adapted to the purpose of holding fast to a trout without the aid of a barb or beard, and at the same time favors the releasing of an undersized trout with the least possible injury; a matter of the utmost importance.

While it is a barbless hook, to all intents and purposes, it is not open to the chief objection of the ordinary barbless hook, which is the possibility of a fish freeing itself on a slack line, because the small bend or "hump" just below the point of the hook prevents such a contingency, even with a slack line, inasmuch as the "hump," like the

hump on the camel's back, is placed where it will do the most good.

It is very evident that to release a hooked fish is simplicity itself. It is only necessary to seize the hook by the shank, invert it, point down, when an undersized trout, of its own weight, drops uninjured from the hook into the water; this procedure being done, of course, at the surface of the stream. With a barbed hook the releasing of a small fish is done only at the expense of lacerated jaws and a loss of scales from handling, which means fungus and eventual death.

It is gratifying to think of the many thousands of undersized trout that may be saved and returned uninjured to their native element when the barbless hook is used. Even the fishermen who have been most skeptic as to the holding powers of barbless hooks can have no objection whatever to a barbless hook if it has a "hump."

Work For the Izaak Walton League

Reprinted from the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Republic, Nov. 7, 1923

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, which holds its first great meeting in this city tonight, can do a great work for this county and the national organization can do a splendid work for the nation if it approaches its task in the right spirit.

The league believes in conservation of game, by the hunters, by the fishermen, by all who are interested in the out of doors. It believes that hunting may be judiciously enjoyed, just as fishing is judiciously enjoyed, if the pump gun and the other murderous destroyers of game are restrained.

The record of wild life in the state of Iowa is one to make the angels weep. Every man of mature age can remember when the prairie chickens in Iowa were so numerous that their drumming in early spring mornings filled the air. It was the first thing the farmer boy heard as he carried the foaming milk pails from the barn to the house. But the prairie chickens are practically all gone. The extreme conservationist will tell you that this is the result of too much shooting. The hunter says it is because the native "cover" has all been destroyed.

So with the ruffed grouse in the woods, which many hunters call "pheasants." So with the quail, which were almost extinct until the conservationists with the aid of a number of legislators, led by Hon. Ernest R. Moore, passed, and repassed, the bill providing for closed season on quail.

We have wasted the game as we wasted the timber in the pioneer days. When the first Linn county courthouse was built of logs cut close around Marion, there were plenty of ruffed grouse, an abundance of prairie chickens and quail, a good many deer, the passenger pigeons made clouds that darkened the light of the sun, and the ducks during periods of migration were more numerous than English sparrows are in present day barnyards.

Then it was sport. One had to be a good shot with the weapons of that day to get as much game as he could comfortably carry home at night. Then

came the breech-loaders and the magazine rifles. They were bad. But now we have the pump-gun, the automatic, and the motor car hunters. They are not sportsmen; they are game murderers.

The wild pigeon is quite gone. The prairie chicken is very rare. The quail would have been exterminated ere this but for the closed season. The wood duck is seldom seen. The woodcock and the snipe are as few and far between as statesmen in modern politics. The rage of women for furs and the consequent high prices has spurred on the trappers until now the mink, the otter, the fisher and even the muskrat are becoming very rare in Iowa.

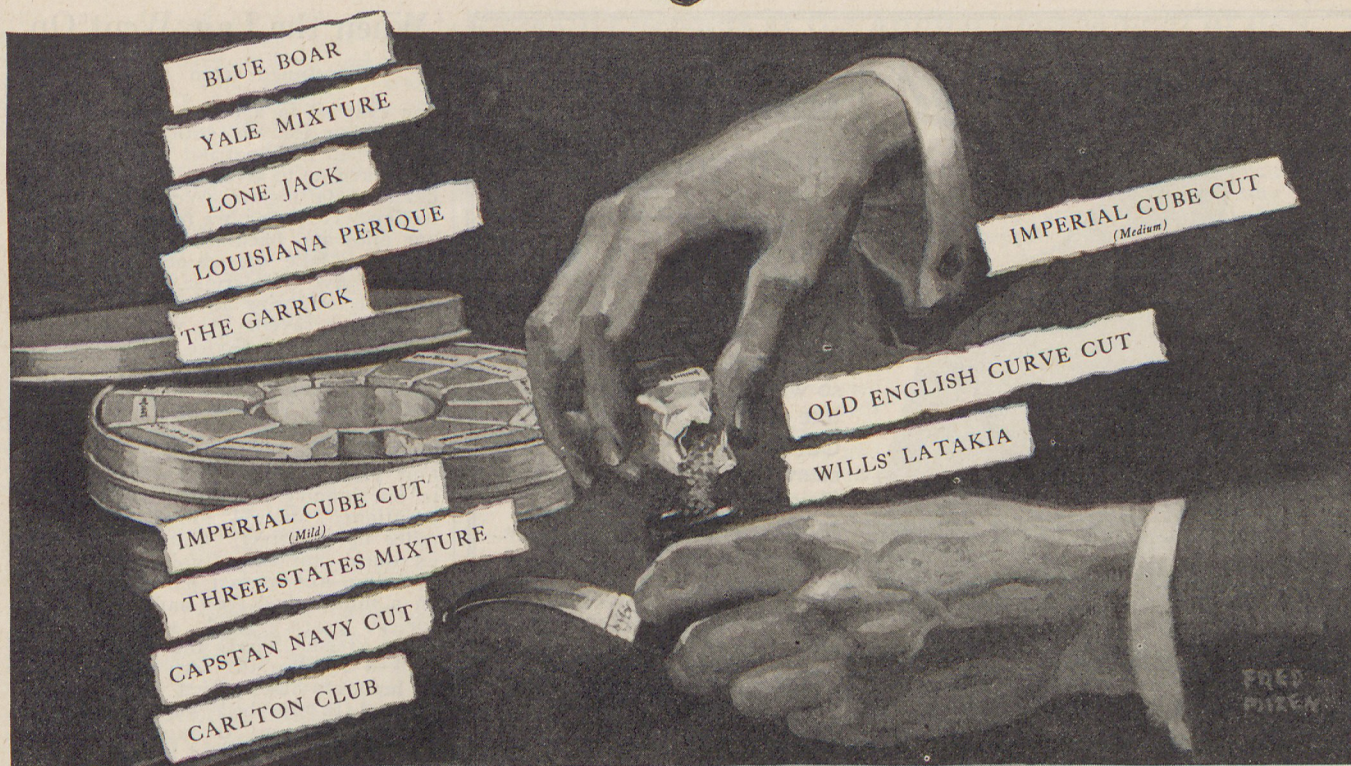
Factories with poisonous discharges into the rivers are killing the fish by the millions every year.

Men eager to make money are draining swamps and lakes and river bottoms. Now we have the movement to drain the Winneshiek country, stretching from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, down to Rock Island, Illinois, destroying the spawning ground for black bass and other game fish and the breeding places of innumerable water fowl and other fur bearing animals.

Conservation ought to be the keynote of the urge to the officers and members of the Izaak Walton League. Every possible acre of cover for birds and animals and of breeding places for fish and waterfowl should be conserved.

Let us hope that the Izaak Walton League will have the spirit and the power to take up this sort of game conservation and make it effective. If that be done it is possible that there will still be a little game in this state fifty years hence. If not, there is no question that it will all be destroyed. In some of the countries of southern Europe the killing of wild life has gone so far that one never hears the song of a bird. It is true as Colonel McCrea said, in Flanders Field "the larks still bravely fly." But it is not true of several of the countries closer to the Mediterranean. Does Iowa want to be like that?

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



Men! May we send you this *Humidor Sampler* of the world's finest smoking tobaccos?

A new idea for pipe-smokers; twelve famous blends—each the finest in its class—shipped to you in a handsome humidor—to help you find the "Soul-Mate" for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Company

THERE'S been a need for this idea a long, long time. Kipling recognized it when he wrote—"A man may never find the right girl for his love, but he can surely find the right tobacco for his pipe, if he keeps on looking."

Most pipe-smokers will readily subscribe to Kipling's statement. For your average pipe-smoker is the greatest little experimenter in the world. He's forever trying a "new one"—confident that some day he'll stumble on the real affinity for his pipe.

But there's no reason why the quest for a perfect tobacco should be an endless Pilgrim's Progress—full of sorry mis-steps and disillusion. There are myriads of different

brands of smoking tobaccos on the market. But of them all, there are 12 distinctive blends which stand in a class by themselves.

So that's what suggested the Big Idea to The American Tobacco Company.

We said, "Why not pick out twelve of the world's finest and most distinctive tobacco mixtures—pack a liberal quantity of each in an attractive Humidor Box—and offer it to pipe-smokers, direct by mail, at a price no pipe lover can afford to resist!"

Thus a man could get the "whole works" in tobacco blends in one assortment—with the certainty that among them, he'd find his long-sought tobacco-affinity.

That was the idea. And our new Humidor Sampler is the expression of it.

Settling your tobacco problem for a lifetime

Into a handsome Humidor Sampler, we have packed twelve famous smoking blends, that completely cover the whole range of tobacco taste. To test these twelve tobaccos is to go the "whole route" in delightful pipe-tobacco experience, tasting every possible good blend, flavor and aroma known to pipe-connoisseurs.

Whether your Lady Nicotine is a pungent blonde or a cool and soothing brunette—she's here—among the winsome dozen—awaiting your wooing.

A \$3.05 test for \$1.50

It might take you years to "happen on" all twelve of these flawless blends, if you were to seek them out by the usual process of trying brand after brand. And if you went to your tobacconist now with the list of these tobaccos with you, it would cost you \$3.05 to buy a full-size standard package of each.

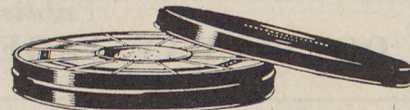
But through the Humidor Sampler, you can

get a liberal get-acquainted quantity of all twelve of these blends for \$1.50—with the attractive Humidor case included.

And after you have found, in this Humidor assortment, the one tobacco, or combination of tobaccos that fulfills your complete tobacco ideals, your local dealer or tobacconist can keep you supplied with this blend—in the regular full-size standard packages.

Sent on 10-Day Approval

Send no money. Your name and address on the coupon is all that's needed now. It will bring you the complete Humidor Sampler of these twelve peerless pipe mixtures—direct from our factories to your den. When the postman brings the package—deposit the price with him (\$1.50), plus postage. If a ten days' test of these tobaccos doesn't reveal the ideal tobacco you've always hoped to find for your pipe, the cost is on us. Simply return the Humidor—and we'll send back your \$1.50 and postage by return mail.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 36
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.

A \$3.05 Test for \$1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Boar	.25
Capstan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
Imperial Cube Cut (Mild)	.30
Old English Curve Cut	.15
The Garrick	.30
Carlton Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three States	.25
Lone Jack	.10
Wills' Latakia	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50



Patrick Flannel Shirts

are such good shirts

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Cut coat style. "Set in" sleeves. Sateen faced collar. Two breast pockets.

Not expensive. Wide price range, but all Patrick skilled workmanship.

Ask for shirt booklet in colors.
c/o Desk 66.

F. A. Patrick & Co., Duluth

When the Law Went On

(Continued from page 27)

you ever sit in a poker game and lose everything for the entire evening and then when the final pot was announced and hiked up to give the losers a chance, draw a total blank? Well, that was our feeling. However, we reckoned without our pilot and back from the river, and into the lake we came, and started another five mile cruise. A few stragglers, a few crips and nothing more—not even a raven. As we left the lake and started into Goose Pond, a bunch of Ring Bills swung by and headed down the lake. We looked at them wistfully, but realized that we were just kidding ourselves for they were not working where we could get them. Our pilot kept moving northward and to our inquiry as to the destination he mentioned an old mussle bed some miles up the river. Can you beat it—no ducks anywhere, going since early morning, and at last pinning our faith on a mussle bed that had been extinct for 20 years. Duck shooters are a queer breed. Surely the first bird that stalked a will-o'-the-wisp had on a pair of hipboots and carried a scatter gun. To get to the bed we had to cross Goose Pond, go through about one-half mile of overflowed timber, running the chance thereby of losing the propeller wheel or snagging the launch, which meant a long row back for our pains,—but what cared we for a few trifles of that nature, and into the timber we headed, picking our way slowly and carefully. Had we stopped to think about the situation, we would have admitted that we were fools and turned back. But fortunately we didn't stop. Anybody who can take a launch through the timber we were in, deserves a pilot's license anywhere. Looking ahead we could discern an open hole of some magnitude which looked like clear water and promised easy going, so we headed for it. If perseverance ever was rewarded it was now, for as we drew near the hole it started to thunder, and the thunder came from the roar of wings, getting out of that hole. Apoplexy would hardly knock us any colder than the sight and sound that greeted us. Here, then, was the final robeo of the blue bills before the big trip north and we had stumbled onto them. Did we hie that launch and throw a couple of blinds together in nothing flat? You may well believe we did. Doc is a pretty fast worker ordinarily but he worked so fast to get set that eyes could scarcely follow him. From sunrise to three o'clock with scarcely a sight of a duck and now this. When I think of it, I get a thrill. Miles and miles of shooting ground barren and then this little hole in the timber

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

was once asked what she believed to be the secret that had made her America's best beloved and most widely read author; she answered that the only secret was to make other people love and understand the outdoors as she loved it. Her lovely Indian poem—legend of

THE FIRE BIRD

is a book all outdoor lovers should have—

Price \$1.75

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with hundreds and hundreds of blue bills. Undoubtedly they had been there all of Sunday and no one had disturbed them. But, and there was a big but—would they come back, or being disturbed would they continue northward and join their friends? Would they come back and did they come back?—they did. Over the tops of the trees they roared and swished and piled in. With a background of willows we stood up and pasted them. Singles, pairs and bunches as large as twenty-five came over the trees and literally dove for the decoys. So fast they came that picking up was out of the question and in forty-five minutes we three had forty-five birds and they were still trying to get in. We were through and picking up, and admitted that we were through, but was there ever a more glorious wind-up? As we climbed into the launch and headed homeward the sun was dropping low, and as it passed below the western hills the law went on.

Mauser rifles; Sauer shotguns and rifles; 3 barrel guns 12 gauge with 30/30 rifle. Moderate prices. Write for free illustrated catalog. BAKER & KIMBALL, Inc., 38R South Street, Boston

Help the Izaak Walton League and subscribe to its magazine
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BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 115 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Breaking Records at the Annual Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting Clubs

THE annual Tournament of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs held at Denver this year will probably be unique in the history of bait and fly casting for at this Tournament six new records were made and two old ones tied in the ten events scheduled. This was the first attempt of the Rocky Mountain Fly Casting Club to hold a National Tournament and while not noteworthy for the number of casters in attendance the flower of the casting fraternity was there as evidenced by the splendid scores made by the winners. It was freely predicted that owing to the high altitude, records would be smashed in the distance events but conditions were none too good and the altitude did not help matters as indicated by the poor showing in the Salmon Fly although the records of the other distance events gave way to the new marks set at the meet.

The distance bait events were won and the new scores made not on account of the altitude but through the superb casting of Fred Arbogast of Akron, Ohio, who demonstrated that he is the premier distance bait caster of America. In the quarter-ounce distance he made an average of 208.8 ft. with the longest cast of 215 ft. 2 in.

Wm. Stanley of the Illinois Club came second averaging 193.7 feet with a longest cast of 200.4 feet.

The third man, Geo. Chatt of the Illinois Club, averaged 159.9 ft. with a longest cast of 176.3 ft.

Arbogast's average in the half ounce distance bait event was 257.4 feet with the longest cast 284 feet, beating his record made at Cleveland last year of 250.9 feet. Chatt and Stanley followed him with averages of 241.6 ft. and 234.3 ft. respectively. Oscar Lane of Los Angeles scored an excellent average of 222.2 ft. while Luebbert and Jeffers of the Illinois Club and Tom Monger, a young lad from Columbus, Ohio, scored better than 200 feet.

One of the most brilliant performances of the entire Tournament and the most spectacular was the score of G. G. Chatt, who averaged 123 feet distance with a five and three-quarter ounce fly rod, one of the casts being 125 feet. Stanley was runner up in this event averaging 10 feet below his team-mate but had to his credit a long cast of 119 feet. Granger of Denver, Guerin of San Francisco, Monger and Behnen of Columbus, Brown of Illinois, Schwinn of Newark, Hopkins and Peet of the Chicago Fly Club and Fred

Kuesel of the Chicago Anglers had averages of over 100 feet in the face of but fair conditions.

Chatt, on the previous day, had the distinction of being the first man ever to make a perfect score at any National Tournament of the N. A. S. A. C. This happened in the Accuracy Fly contest which also brought out some excellent scores by Schwinn, Sutter of the Chicago Fly Club, Luebbert who registered 2, 3, and 4 demerits with Trimble of Cleveland and Lucke of Newark close up with scores of 99 10/15.

The first contest, Dry Fly Accuracy at Unknown Distances, was the prettiest contest of all. Peet, Chatt, Pender and Arend of the local club, tied for first with eight demerits each, Arend winning the cast off. This was a very popular win as Arend not only cast two excellent scores but captained the Tournament as well.

Stanley equalled the National record of 99 10/15 winning the Dry Fly Accuracy over Arthur Neu of Newark. Chatt and Sutter were close up with score of 99 9/15.

Of the other accuracy bait events, Stanley made a new record in the half ounce, with a score of 99.8, 2 points less than a perfect score, Luebbert won the quarter ounce with a new record of 99.7 while Trimble equalled the record in the five-eighths making the score of 99.8.

Jeffers came nearest to Stanley in the half scoring 99.5; Stanley followed close on Luebbert's heels with the old record of 99.7 in the quarter-ounce, while Donaldson of the Illinois Club and Stanley gave Trimble a close race in the five-eighths with a score of 99.7 each.

Wm. Stanley was the most consistent of all the casters, being up to his true form in all but one event. He is now the All-Around Champion Bait & Fly Caster of America for 1923. Chatt won second honors, with Luebbert and Jeffers, third and fourth. All belong to the Illinois Casting Club and are enthusiastic members of the Chicago Chapter of the I. W. L. A.

This Tournament will always be known as the "record breaking" Tournament. President A. B. Frenzel of the Rocky Mountain Club and his associates deserve great credit for their enthusiasm and for the great success of the Tournament. The next annual Tournament will be held at Buffalo during August, 1924.

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Issue

News of the Chapters

(Continued from page 237)

in favor of the nation-wide conservation movement that has been launched to protect for posterity this section, which has been termed "the incubator of wild life for the whole Mississippi valley."

These bottoms, lying on both sides of the river from Lynxville, Wis., to De Soto, approximately a distance of twenty miles, are threatened by a drainage project on the Wisconsin side. The War Department has granted permission to drain and a Wisconsin court has sanctioned the plan. But sportsmen and landowners have protested and the case has been taken for appeal to the Supreme Court of the State.

In fighting this battle for conservation the Izaak Walton League of America deserves commendation.

Officers of the Louisville chapter are: President, Dr. F. W. Samuel; Vice President, W. W. Watts; Secretary, T. B. Challinor; Treasurer, Emile Pragoff.

THE MOLINE chapter held their annual casting tournament on September first, at the pool in one of the city parks. Participants were members of the local chapter and some very creditable scores were made in the accuracy contests. A mermaid event ended the festivities. The attendance was stated as being two thousand.

Last spring fifty black bass furnished by W. J. Stratton, chief game warden, were planted in a pond at the Short Hills Country Club. These bass have spawned, with the result that the pond contains thousands of baby bass. Due to the low water, the local chapter officials are concerned over the possibility of freezing and plan on removing these young fish to the Hennepin canal before the beginning of winter.

Officers of the Moline chapter are: President, S. G. Mace; Vice President, W. Jirdinston; Secretary, W. O. Hare; Treasurer, D. H. H. H. H.

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a \$20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to



List of Classes in Contest

*And qualifications for tackle
to be used by contestants*

BROOKTROUT (*Salvelinus fontinalis*)

Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (*Salmo fario*)

Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (*Salmo gairdneri*)

Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (*Salmo irideus*) (Eastern Division)

Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (*Salmo irideus*) (Western Division)

Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (*Micropterus dolomieu*)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*) (Northern Division)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*) (Intermediate Division)

Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (*Micropterus salmoides*) (Southern Division)

Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN

Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (*Esox masquinongy*)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (*Esox estor*)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (*Stizostedion vitreum*)

Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (*Pomatomus saltatrix*)

Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (*Cynoscion regalis*)

Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (*Roccus lineatus*)

Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (*Sciaenops ocellatus*)

Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (*Tarpon atlanticus*)

Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

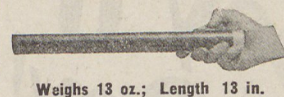
TUNA (*Thunnus thynnus*)

Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

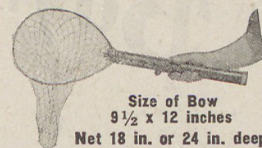
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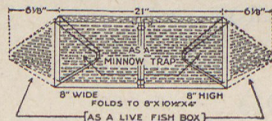
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To the Top and Beyond

(Continued from page 214)

unspotted blue, chasing the cold with golden whips of sun. The peaks and pines were no longer terrifying in their loveliness. But our white carpet had turned to stone and the enemy drift grown stronger in the night.

"It will be soft enough to work on, by the time we have broken camp," my brave Lansing announced. There was no thought of not breaking camp. We had to get through that day.

My knights heated that pitiful pint of ancient coffee and opening our lunch-box, with a rattle like dice in a cavern, I found four pieces of brickbat, which for color and solidity might have been part of the landscape.

"Where is the fifth cake?" I inquired thoughtlessly. My brother's sheepish voice replied: "Last night we divided it in three and ate it."

We all laughed but the eyes of one were wet. I felt no hunger, but I had done no work. These lads had labored yesterday so hard and a more killing task was in prospect for to-day. What would I not have given to have had them take my share of crumbs?

While this travesty of food was in progress we heard the sound of wheels and the toot of a horn. A car, coming up from the west! We ran out in sight of our bedraggled barrier. A machine, just beyond it, came on and on and on, to the drift and over it. Another miracle of Mr. Henry Ford! One of his cars, shabby, elderly but game, apparently as solid as a matchbox, actually mounted that stubborn mass; now able to bear not only men and horses, but Fords; crossed the grimy palisade of our defeat and hit the road again. All was well with it now. The way lay clear before it into Del Norte. It would be the first car of the season over the pass.

I hated the plutocrat of Detroit. Our three men were silent a moment, then they laughed and waved and cheered. Not I. The two below, looked up, stopped and began to mount toward us.

Like the illustrious one of legend, I retired to sulk in my tent. But these men were good sports too. They need not have told us. I overheard: "Yes, we're the first over, but we ought to be scratched, for we were hauled to the top yesterday by that Pagosa team. Lizzie's heart gave out two miles down. She'd have died for keeps if those horses hadn't come along. We camped around the bend last night hoping the crust would freeze hard enough to hold her up by early morning. It did."

"Say you've got some job. Don't believe you will ever make it to-day." Their voices died into distance.

I begged for a shovel, but my companions were adamant. Patience was all they desired of me. At no forbidding distance above our refuge towered the utmost ridge of the Continental Divide. First, sharp slopes of snow and pine, then rugged hillsides, that the sun had swept bare, which met the dark azure of the sky. There, lay my own region of endeavor.

As they went down, I labored up glittering, slanting, slippery floors, clinging at desperate moments to outstretched limbs of trees; slowly, for the breath fails and the heart protests at too swift venture into these high realms. I climbed beyond the snow, beyond timber line. An eagle soared above, once



swooping close to my head. Was it accident or curiosity or did he resent an intruder in a kingdom all his own?

Then up, far beyond sight of the road and the workers, over pebbled, but not barren ground. Flowers had outstripped me everywhere. They had been white and pink and blue among the snows below, but here, wore only red and yellow, colors of the sun, their only friend in all this lofty world.

At last! I entered the utmost holy of holies in this sanctuary of the heights. In breezes sweet as lowland May, with arms extended in oriental fashion of worship, I looked down on Earth wearing like white immortelles in her wreath of horizons, encircling summits of eternal snow.

Indeed and indeed, I stood on top of the world!

Wandering down the other side, I met trees again, but they were lying prone; too overcome with the struggle of their climb to stay erect any longer; but they were vigorous still, growing in scraggly green length along the ground. Down, down, down, I went among them till they rose tall again in upright pride among untrodden areas of snow. And always, about me, the sweet warmth of summer, ever so delicately chilled.

I remembered old Baldy here. Doubtless, his actual presence would have reduced me to helpless terror, but the thought of him now was a final thrill to emotion and epicurean in its delight, as I noted, just in front, in the dense evergreen growth, the movement of something, intangible as a spirit, whose unseen passage violently agitated the lower branches of trees. With a shout of joy, I ran to overtake it, but always it was just a little too far ahead. I never glimpsed what it was. In all that marvelous ramble an eagle was the only living creature that I saw.

The sun was high and I dared pursue no longer. I knew I had been several hours away from the road and that my brother might be anxious. I turned back, sadly, to follow my footprints, the only traces that disturbed the unsullied purity of snow.

From the utmost height I looked again, long and long. I think, there too remains the pinnacle of my life.

In far distance, I saw the battle of the drift. Our doughty three were now reinforced by others. The Lord be praised!

Our camp had disappeared when I reached it and from that vantage point I discovered that it was the state laborers who had been faithful. There was the vigorous lean length of Nimrod in command. Suddenly, I remembered his promise of food and discovered I was ravenous.

Arriving at the car, I beheld, set forth on our running board, a noble feast; two great loaves of bread, a can of coffee, a mysterious tin box and a delectable looking jar of inscrutable preserves. Nimrod had not failed us.

I was surrounded instantly. The poor fellows had been waiting for me! We decided not to take time for a fire. Even in our famished state, the brand of coffee aroused no enthusiasm. Nimrod served—O Lucullus, you did not know—

First, we partook of huge slices of bread, surrounding hunks of cold bacon, produced from the enigmatic jar.

"I was up by daybreak, fixing this fried meat," said our benefactor. "My own pigs. I killed 'em cured 'em last

year on my farm in the southeastern part of the state. Grandest country for hogs in the world."

We agreed with him. Dessert was even better. Bread, ditto, oozing with the luscious contents of the jar.

"Apple sass," explained this cordon bleue, "I put it up last summer. Grew 'em on my farm. Grandest country for apples in the world."

He did not exaggerate.

"Say Uncle," queried the young man from Tulsa. "Why did you quit your fine ranch to come way up here?"

A little shadow dimmed those brave old eyes. "Well, you see," he answered slowly, "my brother and me own the farm. We are widowers, both of us, but he's gettin' old. I got to look after him. He can't work on the roads like me. I'm two years younger than him, only seventy. Well, I have a son and Jim has a daughter. They fell in love and got married last fall. So, we thought we'd let the young folks have the place and go look for another. We took our old Bob and Ned and hitched 'em to our big wagon and loaded up. The children was real good. They wanted us to take things to be comfortable and—here we are. They say there's some fine land, we can homestead on, in the southwest, just over the Utah line. That's where we're goin' soon's I have a try at Old Baldy. We've got to get settled before our old age."

His look became far and luminous: "Yes," he smiled, "I've heard its God's country over there."

Dear old Nimrod! May lovely fertile acres be his again, on his sure way to God's country.

Nimrod's words during the final bites were equally interesting: "You know the little old Ford that came over the drift this morning? Say, it stopped dead near my wagon. They got to get some new parts. One of the fellows hired our horse, Ned, to ride down to Del Norte for 'em and the other's keepin' Jim company till he gets back. We'll have him overnight, all right." Lansing's wink met my grin.

That afternoon at 2:45 the last desperate inch surrendered. Our way was clear. The driver of the Dodge behind us ran back to his car, but Lansing's camera in hand, stood on the head of his prostrate foe, yelling "Come on!"

I did, in slow and seemingly state. But my hand was on the horn, which shrieked to the shrillest limit and kept on. I had read about making the welkin ring. Now, I did it. The mountains echoed and re-echoed to our salute of victory and farewell.

Later that afternoon we stopped at a crossroads, to exchange goodbyes and addresses with those who had shared the burden of the day and the heat to say nothing of the night and its cold. The Dodge and the Olds parted on their separate quests. We had met no one going up. The pass was open and the honors of the east were safe.



—this winter
California

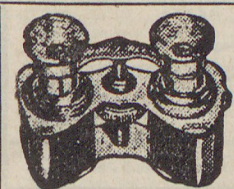


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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ON A COSMOPOLITAN BOOK

A Doe, a Musky and Eight Wild Bass

(Continued from page 215)

shore. We did some quick thinking. Then—keeping the line taut we pulled on the anchor rope with one hand, caught the slack in our teeth, took another hold, pulled and so raised the anchor that the wind began to drift us toward shore. At last the anchor caught again, and, still keeping the taut line, we just naturally stepped out into four feet of water and marched slowly but surely toward the beach. The old boy didn't kick, for he was tired, until he felt the sand on his belly, and then he flopped and snapped and fought. But we simply fell on him, and pinned him down. Not a very sporty end to a great battle, but pretty fair, we thought, to land a 13½ pound musky, 38 inches long, on a perch hook from a lake that the oldest inhabitant said didn't have a musky in it.

That was a year ago. And on June 17, 1923, I was anchored in the same spot, trying to tie up with this fellow's mate, for the perch fishermen last fall had hooked another musky, one that had always succeeded in getting away by the simple process of smashing the natives' poor tackle. But I didn't get him. But I got another picture!

Can you imagine—of course you can if you know your outdoors book—can you imagine a topaz gem of a lake, wave-dimpled, its clear waters shot with sunshine, almost laughing a welcome to you? Just a little lake, surrounded by the greenest of green trees, hemmed in by the cleanest of sandy shelving shores. And spring-fed—the home of the small-mouth.

Fifty feet from shore we sat in our skiff that evening, smoking a pipe, with the wind and sun at our back. Watching a kingfisher helped pass the time, for the fishing was not good. But what did that matter? Away out a loon leered. A slow-moving heron, like a frigate, moved across from a swamp to his fishing grounds.

And then, subconsciously it seemed, we were aware of something moving along the shore. There was no noise; nor a shadow. But we knew there was something. Out of the tail of one eye we looked. It was a doe, a beautiful animal, sleek even in June, her coat reflecting glossily the sun that shone upon her. And she was coming up the beach as daintily as a queen might, lifting each foot carefully before she put it down in the water. Her tail was down; no flag showing, that being proof that she was completely unafraid. There had been a storm and some tender roots and weeds had washed up. That was the food she was after.

Ah, that was a picture. There was an angling memory that will live in our mind forever. The doe placed a stump out in the water between herself and the land and proceeded to put her black muzzle down for the washed up weeds. Then we began a series of experiments. We spoke. Up came her head, but down it went again. Then we pounded on the boat with our pipe—not a bit scared! And so it went. Finally, we tried singing. That, admittedly should have frightened any animal, let alone one so timid as a deer.

Our repertoire was limited, but we remembered the victrola telling about "Absotively, Mr. Gallagher; Posotutely Mr. Shean," and we tried that on our friendly doe. But she just looked at us,



and went on with her feast. So she stayed for 30 minutes, and finally ambled off into the woods.

The third picture? Oh, that was up in Brevort Lake, 16 miles from St. Ignace, where Billy Massey works 19 hours a day taking care of fishermen. Billy was sweeping out one morning. We came down from a good night's rest, mother and I, and Bill said: "They're jumping out there by the red buoy." And sure enough they were. Black bass, a school of them it seemed. Bill gave us a "helping" of fine minnows, we pushed out in a hurry, and in less than an hour we had caught eight (and kept four) running between three and four pounds each.

Of course that picture lingers. For nobody had been catching anything for two weeks, and we had just arrived the night before—and well, you know how it makes you feel, fellows, when they come around and say: "Now, where did you say you caught these? And what bait were you using?"

Yes, brothers, you know how it makes you feel, whether you say anything or whether you do not.

And when you a-fishing go, do not forget that God is in every picture. He's the real artist, and He ought to get the credit for the pleasure He gives you. He mixes the colors, and places them on the canvas for you to enjoy. All of fishing is not fish—sometimes it is a beautiful doe!

Things on the Wall

By MAURICE M. FRINK

I LOVE my wife and the kids, of course I'd give them my life and all—but I've also a love of a different sort for some things that hang on the wall of the square little room they call my den. It's an empire all my own, where the sway-backed chair that I tilt back in is a monarch's dream-jeweled throne. There's an old muzzle-loader above the door, a marvel of boyhood days and rabbit hunts through the frosty fields before I'd learned the ways of swift shooting rifles like that one, erect in its corner rack, silent, though tales that it might tell would bring the bold days back. A six-shooter gleams through tobacco smoke; spurs and chaps and a quilt tangled high o'er the window waken memories that hurt—for they sing of days spent far afield where winds of the Plains blew free, and red-skinned comrades led the way through the door of a skin tepee. . . . Aye, greasy and dusty my wall things are, with little esthetic worth, but the very smell of them carries me to the other side of the earth where Romance once stood on a pine-clad hill hard by a mountain stream and beckoned a youth who answered, once, but now can only dream in a smoky room, when the family's abed, of the things he used to do and the sights he saw and the wounds he got when he and the world were new. . . . Sure, women are wise in important things, like kids, and cooking, and all—but what woman could savvy the love a man has for the things he hangs on his wall?

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The Kennel Department

(Continued from page 217)

tious. With time he will come to regard that a puppy which points at an extremely early age is merely pointing at an early age, and it has no bearing on his future except that the pointing instinct has arrived before it has in another dog, possibly in every way superior. Dogs of ordinary breeding point often not very long after weaning, which makes the task of instilling staunchness a very easy one, and often spoils a beginner at training from attaining success with a really high class youngster. He imagines that every dog should progress in the same manner, and the first time he gets hold of a wild dog of the best breeding and greatest promise that chases for his first few weeks in the field, every time he comes in contact with quails, he is due to sudden shock, and unless he anticipates it he is bound to do things that will often act to the detriment of the dog.

Another way the young high class dog has of bringing the wrath of the tyro on his head is to go through nicely a period of education in the kennels or yards at home. There he obeys every command well that has been taught him, from steadying to heeling and dropping to shot, which latter feat is very unnecessary and ultimately destroys a dog's natal instinct for marking flushed birds. The minute he gets in the field, however, he is a different creature. Everything suddenly calls on him

to go, to run, to run wide, seeking for the birds, things which his very nature compels him to do against all thought of master or the things he has learned in the kennel yard. His desire to hunt surpasses everything. He bolts right into a covey of birds. As they flush he does not hesitate and follows them in a chase whenever he can get sight of one. He is obeying instincts that dominate, though causing many sorry moments for the inexperienced trainer who did not expect this, but rather anticipated that everything in the training regime would be conducted by the rules of the kennel yards.

Here is just an instance where the poise of the professional contrasts with that of the amateur or the man who probably has trained but fifteen or twenty dogs in his lifetime and suddenly is confronted with the exasperating conduct of a really classy youngster of the present day. Beforehand the experienced handler places very little dependence on yard education. He knows the youngster that deports himself badly in the amateur's eyes, so far as pointing or field obedience is concerned at the start, often actually proves his qualities. He has the necessary hunting instinct, the nose to find birds with the persistence which will come in handy in the future. The pointing instinct will show in time. But above everything he knows that which the amateur seldom does, that any effort to check the pupil right off will more than likely be of detriment than good, and that the matter of getting him under restraint later is really nothing more than mechanical and a matter of proper self control. It is the moment when poise most counts, and decides the future, whether the dog is going to be educated along lines that will develop him into a high class, rangy, bird-finding, brainy animal, or a docile, slow automaton.

Developing poise first in the handler is far more important than the mere mechanical art of training; for with it will come eventually perfect judgment of prospects and particularly what they are adapted to, as well as a sincere devotion to the dog's education which cannot otherwise be accomplished to the highest degree. Thereafter, the characteristics of the dog will depend upon the temperament of the man who expects to succeed with the various types of bird dogs.

Pollution

(Continued from page 205)

"Industrial plants, and there are about 2,500 of them in this State, will also be required to take all necessary steps before they are permitted to dump their wastes into streams.

"In that manner we hope to cope with the problem."

Philadelphia's problem of pollution, particularly as it affects the supply of drinking water, was presented to the assembled engineers by Mayor Moore in welcoming the delegates and by J. A. Vogelsson, chief engineer of the Bureau of Surveys.

The Mayor said Philadelphia undoubtedly would have to seek a new source of supply for its drinking water because of the continued pollution of the waters of the Schuylkill.

Chief Vogelsson, in an illustrated talk on "Stream Pollution in Philadelphia" at the evening session, told of the remarkable progress of this city in eliminating the pollution evils and of the plans for their future.

"We are dividing the city into three sections — northeast, southwest and

southeast—and in each of these we plan to build sewage-treatment plants, which will amply take care of the sewage of the entire city.

At these plants, and the one in the northeast nearing completion, all the impurities of the sewage will be removed, and then the remaining non-poisonous and non-injurious liquid will be permitted to continue its course into the Delaware River and the Schuylkill. In that way the city will do its share toward cleaning up the rivers.

The problem of industrial waste, which finds its way into the two rivers, however, is one not so easily soluble, according to the Chief. He urged that all plants on the river banks, whose waste is sent into the rivers, provide machinery for purifying the waste. This is not only necessary for health measures, he said, but often proves profitable in securing by-products.

Harbor pollution, interfering with navigation, was one of the important topics discussed. It was said that oil and oil waste from oil-burning steam vessels, from oil tankers and from garages not only interfered with shipping but provided a great fire hazard.

Legislation, of a uniform character, local, State, national and international, was urged as one of the remedies for the problem.

In our January issue

ZANE GREY

will begin a series of stories on a wide range of outdoor subjects

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 231)

dinner, composed largely of oysters on the half shell raked up by the marsh-crab himself, and unbeatable. Sleep, while the December wind howls and rants around the shack. A horny hand shaking us at some unearthly hour in the morning. Breakfast by lamplight; coffee, bacon, cold black duck, pancakes. We are off, shivering, with a load of decoys and two squawking live ones. We pick our way down a marsh trail under a blank sky, thankful that the last mosquito has been frozen blue. An old log on a sandy point. We camouflage it with seaweed and decorate it with bayberry, while the old-timer wades out and distributes the decoys.

Another day! A day which begins with a flock of black ducks, which see my hat and sheer high up, to cross overhead with all their long snaky necks looking down to see what might be behind that log. Some fancy shoulder-shooting, in which one "jakey"—not mine—comes tumbling down with a thud into our very midst. A day, when about thirty scaup paid us a visit and left enough behind to make us joyful. The day when I lost a redhead cripple by not shooting him struggling in the water, whereat he dove down and stayed down, moored somewhere in the bottom feed in a death-grip on the roots. The day, oh, the big day, when we called in a raft

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of brant who looked bigger than so many geese to my excited eyes. And we topped it all off with a beauty of a drake mallard. Oh, yes, plenty doing in December, if you refrain from hugging your own fireside!

But it is to the more or less balmy South that one should go without fail in December. It was on the eleventh of that month that Dave Abercrombie and I set forth from Blue's Bridge for our two hundred mile canoe trip down the Lumbee River in North Carolina. A trip in which we averaged thirty miles a day, stopped for a bear and coon hunt at Foxes Den, added to ourselves a gorgeous quail shoot where the bevs were so thick that one had no time to hunt up singles, at Wagram with Wayne McNeill; in which we picked up our daily bread in ducks, turkeys, woodcock, and quail as we went along, the bow man raising his shotgun for larder enterprises every time we rounded a bend. And, to wind up the trip as such trips should be wound up, shot a wild hog six feet long with three-inch tushes, who took the combined bullets of all of us to make him give up slashing the dogs. The people were hospitable; not a nightly stop to camp on one of the "bluffs," as the few accessible banks in all those miles of Carolina water-ash and cypress are called, but what some plantation owner would come down to invite us ashore for a hunt. A trapper entertained us for a day on a bear hunt over his trap lines, in exchange for a bag of biscuits which we baked him in our reflector baker. Planters entertained us with "bird" shooting fit for the gods at later stops; and a tribe of Croatan Indians entertained us by drinking up all our fire-water when we stopped for a night at their reservation. Some of them were blue-eyed; over forty bear names that were on the original list of 117 men, women, and children in Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony, believed to have been carried off by the Croatans. It was on this stop that I gathered the material for the story, "Virginia Dare," a fantasy on the subsequent life of the first white child born in America, after she had grown up among the Croatans. (See Munsey's All-Story, some time in 1919.)

This trip so fascinated me with the Southland as a winter playground that I made a place for it every December thereafter. There is something so very lovable about the shiftless South! You will see no trimmed lawns down there, for they would become hay fields while the lawn mower was clattering back over them, in the South's summer heat. Nor any fences. Just wide cotton fields, bounded by long cypress "branches" as the creeks are called down there; isletted with "pawnds," groves of long-leaf pine; bordered by soughing forests of southern live-oaks, holly, myrtle, bay; and always the immense pine lands.

It was on such a plantation that we made the acquaintance of a feudal lord, a cotton baron, a robust and ruddy white idol of all the negroes for miles about. They adored the ground his foot trod on; got him 'possum, or wild turkey, or catfish, or guinea hen that his northern guests might want to sample; farmed the land for him, ginned his cotton, raised his game cocks. One of them, a bulbous and disreputable old

negro, aided by a white cracker who had no other name than Gosh, followed us around to carry "birds" and hunt u-bevies for us. The feudal lord had dogs, and we brought down a pair, but Gosh's nose was better than either. He could go to quail long before the first dog began to make game. A sniff of a roost, the finding of a feather, a keen look at the lay of the land, certain wild pea patches, certain brambly oak groves, and—"I 'spects you'll find them lil' brown scoundrels oveh yondeh by the branch, Doc," would be Gosh's judgment.

Tad's method was quite different. The old negro knew the darky inmates of every shack for miles around. We would approach one, a whitewashed shake cabin with board shutters in place of glass windows, a pig-proof paling fence around its "gyarden." Old negro mammy on the porch, red turban on head, corncob pipe in mouth. Rooley-eyed black pickaninnies peeping around her skirts. A dozen nondescript puppies and skinny game-fowl scuttling under the house.

Tad would open the proceedings in a sing-song whine from behind our party. "Mawnin', Mis' Jackson, how is you feelin' today?"

"Po'rly, Tad, po'rly,"—kicking the pickaninnies vigorously into the shack, "How is you-all feelin'?"

"Oh, no-'count," despondently from Tad.

These preliminaries as to the health of the several parties were always necessary before getting down to birds.

"Y'ain't seen no covey of buhrds round hyer sometime, anywhere, has yer, Mis' Jackson?" Tad would sing out with more animation.

"Yas, I is! Dey done been feedin' down yander in de pawnd!" This with eager pointings of the pipe-stem which had no hint of "po'rly" in them.

Thither our party and the dogs would head. Bevy, bevy, bevy! Up one side of a four-mile "branch," and back home along the other. An excursion to another and distant region of that vast plantation. The cotton baron was a crack shot, and some of us were. Variations, caused by great winter flights of woodcock, who would pitch down in the cane-brakes. Other variations, in the shape of a deer drive in the alder thickets, the owner of the hounds let out of prison for the occasion because he had the only deer dogs in the county. Turkey hunts, in which Gosh used a barking dog of no particular breed whose forte was to rush the turks and get them up on the wing before they could run off into the underbrush in that sly way that turkeys have. Duck shoots, standing in a pass between two ponds. A coon hunt, in which our valiant dogs treed a skunk and came whining to us for sympathy. Over and around it all, the spirit of the agricultural South, the cotton coming home from the gins in wagons filled with singing negroes, the peanut fields with swarms of pickaninnies preparing them for market, the wheat fields green in December, the pecan groves, all that feudal lord's numerous experiments with trees, plants, and animals. Such is hunting in South Carolina. It is the same in Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Texas. Anywhere you live in the North, try a trip to Dixie some time in December!



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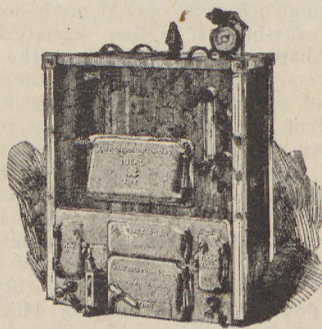
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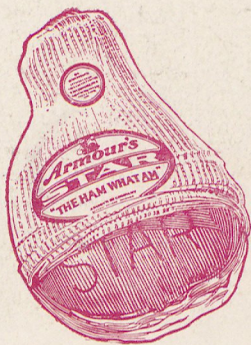
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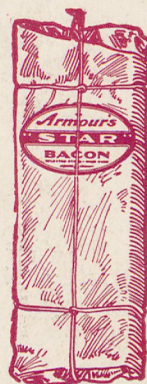
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